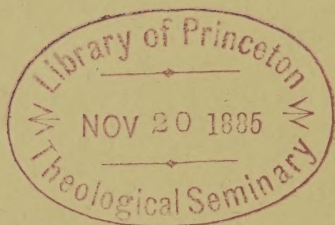




SIR TITUS SALT.
GEORGE MOORE



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Sir Titus Salt, and George
Moore





Peter Salt



George Munro

THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Sir Titus Salt,

AND

George Moore.

BY

JAMES BURNLEY,

Author of "Fortunes Made in Business."



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SIR TITUS SALT.



CHAPTER I.

THE QUIET-LOOKING YORKSHIREMAN.

ON a bright summer afternoon, in the year 1836, a plain, quiet-looking Yorkshireman arrived in Liverpool by coach, and, after bidding his fellow-passengers 'good-day,' walked to a small, out-of-the-way hotel, where he proposed to stay for the night. He was a tall, well-built man, of about thirty-three, who talked so little, and seemed of such a retiring disposition, that people were not in the habit of taking much notice of him. This suited his humour exactly, for, even when aroused, he was far from being a fluent man, and on this occasion had more cause than usual for keeping his thoughts to himself. Like hundreds of others who had come into Liverpool that day, his object was to do business, but what particular business it was that he had set his mind upon he would not have revealed for the world. There was a secret about it, and well he knew the value of keeping his own counsel in a thing of this kind.

Always an early riser, the next morning he was up and about, even sooner than common, for, although by no means of an excitable nature, he could not sleep for thinking of what he had made up his mind to do. Not that he was troubled with doubts or fears ; no, he was not of the hesitating sort ; when once he had satisfied himself that a certain course was right and proper, and gave promise of profit, he went straight on. Still, the business had yet to be done, and it is not in human nature, however placid, to be altogether at ease when great issues hang upon the events of the next few hours—when you stand, as it were, on the threshold of your future fate.

When he found himself in the streets, with the great men of the Liverpool commercial world buzzing and bustling around him, he felt a very humble unit amongst all the rush and hurry that he witnessed ; but his heart did not sink within him, nor did he falter for one moment in his purpose. He was in the wool trade, and in Bradford, where his home was, had begun to be regarded as a man of parts and promise. But Bradford was not Liverpool. Well as he might be known in the former town, in the famous seaport on the Mersey he was a comparative stranger, so, as he walked silently along towards the docks his presence excited no remark.

Making his way to the warehouses in which were to be found large stores of the kinds of wool in which he ordinarily dealt, he was recognised and welcomed

by those who had previously done business with him, and he made one or two small purchases. He continued his wanderings until he came to the warehouses of Messrs. Hegan and Co., and, at first sight, it seemed as if there were even less to attract him there than there had been at the other places he had visited. But it was noticed that he lingered about as if there were something he would like to say, but hardly knew how to say it. He was left to himself, however, and he walked on through room after room, making no special stoppage until he came to a pile of dirty-looking sacks, lying in a remote corner where few would have thought of looking. His observant eye had fallen upon them on a former visit, and he had questioned the clerks concerning them, but all he had got in reply was a scornful smile, and the expression of a savage wish that the rubbish had never been seen. The bales had been sent originally from some South American house to Messrs. Hegan and Co., with an intimation that if they could effect a sale of them they might retain for themselves a very liberal commission, but neither the wool-brokers nor any of their customers could see any value in the strange fibrous material which formed the contents of the sacks ; so there the three hundred odd bales lay month after month, despised and condemned, until our Yorkshire wool-stapler began to feel a sneaking regard for them—a regard, however, which he took care, as a business man, not to make too manifest. Prior to this particu-

lar visit he had possessed himself of a few handfuls of the stuff, and had taken samples home with him. What he did with these tufts of fibre, or whether he ever thought of them again, except to throw them away, were matters with which Messrs. Hegan and Co's people did not concern themselves. They had ceased to care anything about the bags at all. Once, in a fit of disgust, the head of the firm had threatened to ship the goods back to South America, but he afterwards came to the conclusion that they were not worth even this trouble ; so the goods remained on in the dingiest place in the warehouse, uncared for, neglected, and almost forgotten, the rats being left to make what freedom they pleased with the despised material.

And this was the stuff that the Yorkshire wool-stapler had been thinking about, night and day, for no one knew how long, and on this particular morning he stopped and pondered when he came upon them, and, there being no one near to remark upon what he did, he pulled a fresh handful of the unattractive material out of one of the bags, and, after twisting, pulling, breaking, and torturing it in every possible way, to reassure himself as to its strength and consistency, he quietly walked off to seek an interview with the principal partner. That individual was never more astonished in his life than when the stapler held a sample handful of the contents of one of the South American sacks up to his gaze, and calmly asked him how much a pound he would take for the whole three hundred

odd bales. At first, Mr. Hegan felt inclined to imagine that a practical joke was being played upon him, but the look of solid seriousness on the face of his customer soon convinced him that there was business to be done, so, after talking the matter over for a few minutes, an offer of eightpence a pound for the lot was made and accepted ; and so delighted and surprised was the firm with the transaction—so glad were they to get rid, for a substantial sum, of a pile of stuff that they had long ceased to look upon as of any value, that, it has been said, as soon as the quiet purchaser from Yorkshire had departed, they shut their warehouse up, and gave all their clerks a holiday.

The queer-looking fibrous material was the wool of the alpaca ; the quiet man who had bought it was Mr. Titus Salt. This was the circumstance which formed the turning-point of Mr. Salt's life, and opened the gates of fortune to him. This was the event that led to the building up of a new English industry—the manufacture of alpaca.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE.

AND what had Mr. Titus Salt been doing up to that time ? In a quiet way, a great deal ; in the way of making himself known in the world, but little.

Up to the period of early manhood, Titus Salt had lived in the country, and had concerned himself chiefly with rural pursuits. Born at Morley, near Wakefield, on the 20th September, 1803, at what was called the Old Manor House—a low-roofed, sturdy, ungainly-looking edifice, dating back to the sixteenth century—he had passed his youthful days away from the smoke of factory chimneys, with never a thought of looking in that direction for the work that was to win him his way in the world. His father, Daniel Salt, carried on the business of a drysalter at Morley, to which, in a small way, he added the occupation of farmer, two or three fields of pasture being let to him with the house. Daniel Salt, indeed, was so fond of farming that he often resolved in his own mind that he would abandon the drysalting business, and employ his energies altogether in agriculture.

The school life of Titus Salt was not of a kind to do more than give him a sound educational groundwork for his mind to develop itself upon. To begin with he went to a village dame-school at Morley, where, more by his own industry than by the aid of his mistress, he managed to learn to read. A year or two later he was going to what was in those days called 'a proper school.' This was at Batley, three miles distant from the Old Manor House at Morley; and he walked there and back every day, along with other boys, enjoying the healthy exercise that it entailed, and the many incidents of country life that it brought him into

contact with. In after years he often recalled with delight the boyish adventures which he and his companions encountered in their journeys to and from school. There was a long and lonely road called Scotchman Lane, through which they had to pass, which was generally occupied at a favourable spot by an encampment of gipsies. These gipsies were the terror of the neighbourhood, for, besides indulging in the practices of fortune-telling and card-reading, to snare the money of those who were simple enough to believe in them, they were supposed to be guilty of offences of a more serious nature, such as assault and robbery. Young Titus Salt and his friends were afraid to pass the encampment unless they were all together, so they used to have a particular halting-place, where those who were early waited for those who were late, and when the muster roll was finally called, and all were found to be present, they marched on with such a show of valiance that the gipsies never molested them. In fact, as time went on, and their faces became familiar daily objects to the campers-out, they entered into friendly relations with them, and often stopped to gossip with the dark-skinned race, laying the seeds of many a bit of romance, if they had only had the inclination to cultivate it. Those were happy days for Titus Salt. Before he started out in the morning he provided himself with a small can of milk and a quantity of oat cake. These constituted his dinner, but, having himself milked the cow

which supplied the milk, and having probably seen the oat cake made in their own house, he knew that it was good and wholesome, and he had health and appetite to enjoy it. The fare was frugal, but to him it was the best that could be given. He wished for nothing better.

While at the Batley school, which was presided over by the Rev. J. Sedgwick, a curate of the parish church, Titus Salt acquired a further instalment of learning, his efforts being mainly confined to "the ordinary branches of instruction." He did not waste his time in mastering what were then, much more than now, regarded as "accomplishments." His father intended him for a solid career and not an ornamental one, so the classics and the higher branches of education were left alone. But, above all this, there was a better and deeper home education imparted to the lad by his good and pious mother and his stout-hearted, honest Yorkshire father, who supplied their son with the good counsel and the happy example which were more to him than all the rest.

About the year 1813, Daniel Salt came to the determination, on the edge of which he had so long hovered, to relinquish his drysalting business and devote himself entirely to farming. With that view, he took a farm at Crofton, near Wakefield, and removed thither with his family. The farm consisted of about a hundred acres, and for a time seemed to promise good things for the Salts ; but the times were bad, the

trade of the country was almost at a standstill, in consequence of the harassing influences of our great war with France—for Napoleon had not yet been subdued—and many looked upon England's prospect as hopeless. The produce of the farmer fetched high prices, it is true, but prices of other things were correspondingly high, so what advantage was gained on the one hand was lost on the other. Daniel Salt struggled on with his farm, however, for a few years, doing his best to conquer circumstances, but failing to make any real headway.

All this time the education of young Titus was being continued, and, as far as he was concerned, progress was being made. He now went, along with his sister Sarah, to a day-school at Wakefield, connected with the Salem Chapel there; the Rev. B. Rayson, and afterwards Mr. Enoch Harrison, having charge of the school. Referring to this period, an old schoolfellow writes:—"His father's residence being upwards of three miles from the school, Titus generally rode on a donkey, which was left until the afternoon at the 'Nag's Head,' a small inn near to the school, bringing with him a little basket, his dinner. In person he was tall and proportionately stout, and of somewhat heavy appearance. His dress was usually that of a country farmer's son, viz.,—a cloth or fustian coat, corduroy breeches, with long gaiters, or, as they were generally called, 'spats,' or leggings, buttoned up the sides, with strong boots laced in front. He was generally of a

thoughtful, studious turn of mind, rarely mixing with his schoolfellows in their sports and play, and rather looked upon by them as the quiet, dull boy of the school. His words were generally so few that I cannot call to mind any particular thing that he either said or did. The school was a mixed one for both sexes, the boys occupying the ground floor and the girls the room above, and it was considered the best private day-school in the town. His last schoolmaster, Mr. Harrison, spoke of him as 'never a bright pupil,' but as 'a fine, pure boy, stout and tall for his age, with a remarkably intelligent eye.' Mr. Harrison adds, 'so much did his eye impress me that I have often, when alone, drawn it from memory, simply for my own gratification. I have sketches of him somewhere among my papers, with crimped frill round his neck just as he appeared then; but though naturally very quiet, he was sometimes given to random tricks.'"

Titus Salt continued to go to this school until he was seventeen years of age, when it became necessary to launch him upon the sea of life, and put him in the way of making a position for himself. This was not such an easy matter. If the farm at Crofton had turned out a profitable speculation there would have been no need for him to have gone further afield, but it had not, so Titus was compelled to look forward to setting up in something or other on his own account. When asked what business or profession he would himself prefer, he was ready with the answer, "I should

like to be a doctor," and a doctor he might have become had circumstances been favourable. It is related that one day about this time he accidentally inflicted a deep wound in his hand while cutting a piece of wood, and the sight of blood caused him to faint. "Titus, my lad," his father good-humouredly remarked, "thou'lt never do for a doctor ;" and, whether that incident had anything to do with it or not, it was not long afterwards that he gave up all idea of adopting the profession of medicine.

His father, who was a shrewd, far-seeing man, had been keenly watching the course of commercial events, and had observed the great strides that were being made in the businesses connected with the manipulation of wool. Steam-power had been introduced in the spinning and weaving of wool, and there appeared to be a great future opening out in that direction. Daniel Salt not only put his son Titus, therefore, to learn the business of wool-stapling—placing him with a Mr. Jackson, of Wakefield—but resolved that before long he would himself venture into the same trade.

For a couple of years more Daniel Salt held on to the farm at Crofton, but day by day things went worse, and at last he made up his mind he would have no more of it. Bradford was the heart and centre of the wool industry, and to Bradford he accordingly removed, taking his son Titus and the rest of his family with him, bent upon entering upon an entirely new career. He and his son had up to

that time been living, as it were, out of the world—remote from the chances and opportunities which in a business community are constantly occurring to those who have brains to seize them and perseverance enough to turn them to account. They, at all events, went to Bradford full of high purpose and high aims. They would deserve success, whether they won it or not.

CHAPTER III.

“DANIEL SALT AND SON.”

DANIEL SALT took a small warehouse in Bradford, and there began the business of wool-stapling ; that is, he went into the country places amongst the farmers to buy the fleeces of the sheep, and in Bradford, after they had been through the hands of his woolsorters, sold them to the spinners to be converted into weft. At first his operations were but in a small way, but bit by bit he worked himself into a profitable connection, and seemed at last to have struck upon a career that promised much greater success than anything he had previously taken in hand. There was not sufficient work for both himself and his son at this early period in the little wool-stapling concern which he had started, so Titus was put into a situation at the mill of Messrs. Rouse and

Son, and there for a space of two years he gave himself to the toil of the wool-sorting board, and made himself acquainted with all the various processes of preparing the wool for the final operation of being woven into dress-pieces. In fact, he threw himself heart and soul into the work he had in hand, and made himself master of all the details of the business.

Meanwhile, Daniel Salt's wool-stapling undertaking was prospering, and, in 1824, the father thought the concern was large enough to admit of his son being brought in as a partner; accordingly the original sign-board over the warehouse was taken down, and a new one was put up bearing the inscription "Daniel Salt and Son." The head of the firm soon found that the junior partner was better fitted for the business than himself, and it was no very long time before the son came to be the ruling power in the warehouse of Daniel Salt and Son. Quicker to see the signs and warnings of the business world than his father, better able to carry out the details of trade negotiations, and possessed, withal, of a quiet, stubborn courage, that never unduly asserted itself, yet never gave way to unjust pressure, Titus Salt soon made a name for himself and his firm amongst the traders in wool. He was the buyer for the firm, and from time to time went to the leading wool-sales at London, Liverpool, and Bristol, and bought in accordance with the demands of the day, sometimes, however, indulging in a bit of speculation that would

put his father into a state of fear and apprehension, until, as was generally the case, what was looked upon as a rash venture would turn out to be more than usually profitable. In this way the firm of Daniel Salt and Son continued to prosper, and the junior partner rose to be a person of consequence in the town of his adoption.

Bradford was in a state of transition at the time when Titus Salt settled in it. It was just on the point of leaving the old order of things—hand-labour—behind it; steam-power was being applied in all directions, from the spinning to the weaving, and it needed men of courage and determination to carry the change successfully through. The men were there, however, and the thing was done, although not without a great deal of opposition on the part of the workpeople, who imagined that the introduction of machinery meant their ruin. During the first ten years of Titus Salt's experience of Bradford, therefore, he was brought into contact with many eventful scenes. In 1825 he witnessed what was called the Bishop Blaize Festival, a celebration in honour of the inventor and patron saint of wool-combing, in which all the district joined; in the same year, later on, he saw the town plunged into the deepest distress by a strike, which was started by the wool-combers, some 7,000 or 8,000 in number, and afterwards extended to operatives of all classes, lasting over twenty-two weeks; in 1826 he was called upon to deal with a

band of rioters, who attacked the local mills with the object of destroying the machinery, and who had to be dispersed by the military with loss of life. On the last-named occasion, the young wool-stapler went into the thick of the crowd and did all in his power to induce the rioters to listen to reason, but all to no purpose; and when he saw that there was nothing to hope from moral suasion, he set himself with all the energy in his power to assist the local authorities in the protection of life and property. An eye-witness says, "I remember seeing William Rand and Titus Salt hurrying up and down trying to induce their fellow-townsmen to come forward as special constables. When the military were called out, one of them dashed along the streets warning the inhabitants to keep within doors, as their lives were in danger." It is not many young men of twenty-three who would have the spirit to throw themselves into an encounter of this kind, but Titus Salt felt it to be his duty as a citizen to do all he could to promote peace and order, and when duty was concerned he was never the one to spare himself.

At this time the population of Bradford was about 30,000, and in the work of local government there were many opportunities for men of Titus Salt's position and influence to distinguish themselves, although the town was not incorporated until 1847. From the first he associated himself with the Liberal party in politics, and the Congregationalists, or Inde-

pendents, as they were then called, in religion, and had the good fortune to command the friendship of many men who afterwards rose to eminence in different walks of life. He took an active interest in the election struggle of 1832, when Bradford was, by the Reform Bill, for the first time enabled to send a couple of representatives to Parliament, and a few years later he was appointed to the honorary position of chief constable of the town, a post that, curious to say, carried with it no power of control over the police force or other local functionaries, but was simply a manorial office the duties of which it would have been hard to define. The people of Bradford, however, had a strong desire to show their esteem for Mr. Salt, and it was thought that this was a suitable way of doing so. But in the religious more than in the official life of the community Titus Salt made his mark, and in connection with all movements for the good of the people he was always a faithful and diligent worker.

To his business, however, he devoted himself with an assiduity that, even in those days of long hours and hard work, was unusual. He was always at the warehouse at the time when the work of the day was started, his habit of early rising continuing with him through life. It used to be said that he many a time made a thousand pounds before other people were out of bed; and an old workman, speaking of the time when Mr. Salt ran a mill in Bradford, said, "I was

only once in my life late at the mill, and Mr. Salt was there, as he always was, in time."

Punctuality was a striking feature of Mr. Salt's character. The Rev. R. Balgarnie says, "Never was military despot more rigid than he in the observance of this rule; when he made an engagement he was punctual to the minute, and he expected the same in others who had dealings with him. Once at a church-building committee meeting, of which he was chairman, the secretary arrived a few minutes late; it happened that on his way thither he had met with a friend upon whom he levied a subscription. How could he meet the chairman's frown? He entered the room holding up a bank-note, saying, 'I have been detained by this.' 'All right,' said the chairman, 'I thought you must be after something of the kind. I shall be glad to excuse you again on the same terms.' Such was his punctuality that he was hardly ever known to miss a train, or to be in a hurry for one. It was the same at home as in business; the hour of meals was observed with precision, and all other domestic arrangements were conducted on the same principle of order. With watch in hand he would await the time for evening prayers, and then the bell was instantly rung for the household to assemble. When the usual hour arrived for his family and household to retire to rest, the signal was at once given and observed. When guests were staying at his house, he was the timekeeper of their movements,

and in regulating themselves accordingly they were seldom mistaken."

When the firm of Daniel Salt and Son had been in existence some six or seven years, an opportunity was afforded the junior partner of making his first venture in a new direction. There was a description of wool known as Donskoi wool. It came from Russia, and was only used in the manufacture of cloth. It occurred to Titus Salt that it was a kind of fibre that might very well be used in the worsted manufacture also, so he bought a large quantity of it, with the view of disposing of it to the Bradford spinners, but, to his disappointment and disgust, they would have nothing to do with it. Convinced, however, that he was right in his estimate of it, and wishing to show the spinners that they were in the wrong, he said, "I will undertake the task myself;" so he took a factory, had it fitted up with machinery, and in a very short time was both spinning the despised wool into weft, and weaving it into attractive fabrics. His success was beyond even his own expectation, and so rapidly did trade increase in his hands that before long he had no fewer than five mills in active operation.

The wool-stapling business was continued, although it was entirely overshadowed by the magnitude of the other undertakings upon which the junior partner had embarked. Mr. Daniel Salt retired in 1833, with sufficient means for the rest of his life, and his son

went further and further into the more active and more remunerative work of a spinner and manufacturer.

On the 21st of August, 1830, Mr. Titus Salt, then twenty-seven years of age, married Miss Caroline Whitlam, the daughter of a well-to-do Grimsby farmer, whose acquaintance he had made on one of his wool-buying expeditions into Lincolnshire. It was a happy union, wife and husband being always in perfect sympathy with each other. The manner of the wool-stapler's courting was rather curious. He had heard much from his friends of the beauty and goodness of the Whitlam sisters, of whom there were several, and the glowing description given of one of them made such an impression upon him, that he resolved the very next time he went into Lincolnshire he would do his best to make her acquaintance. How he fared will be best related in his own words. He said, "When I went courting I made a mistake. It was another sister I was in quest of, but this one first met my eye, and captivated my heart at once." Two other sisters were married to Bradford wool-staplers.

We now bring the narrative pretty well up to the point at which we started—the remarkable discovery by Mr. Salt of the alpaca wool in the Liverpool warehouse—and we must next see how the enterprising stapler utilised his discovery.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW FIBRE.

WHEN Titus Salt returned home from Liverpool and informed his father that he had bought a large consignment of alpaca wool, the old man shook his head, and expressed a fear that Titus had in this instance made a bad bargain. Previous to this journey to Liverpool, Titus had shown his father samples of the fibre, and had told him he thought he could make something of it, but it was so different in colour and feel from anything that he had handled before, that Daniel Salt had no hesitation in counselling his son to have "nothing to do with the nasty stuff." One or two intimate friends had advised him to the same effect. But Titus had formed his own opinion of the value of the wool, and in making his important purchase from Messrs. Hegan and Co. never for a moment imagined that he was making a mistake; at the same time, it is only fair to add, he was far from thinking there was as much to be realised from the new fibre as afterwards turned out.

Whether Titus Salt was aware or not that others had made experiments with alpaca wool before he made its acquaintance, or whether he was aware that in South America, the home of the alpaca sheep, the

natives had from a remote period been accustomed to wear garments made from this fibre, has never been recorded, but it is hardly likely that he would have neglected to inform himself fully on these points before attempting to bring it into use. Only six years before (in 1830) a Mr. Outram, of Greetland, near Halifax, had made a beautiful dress piece from the wool of the alpaca, but it had been treated as a costly curiosity rather than as a sample of a kind of fabric that might come into general use. The probability is that Mr. Salt never saw this alpaca piece, but that in the action he took he proceeded altogether on original and independent lines. He was not the first Englishman to discover alpaca wool, it is true, but he was the first to turn it to practical use.

This, however, was no light task. It was not a case of simply submitting the wool to existing machinery, and having it made into dress goods by the ordinary process. If this had been all that had been required, Titus Salt's speculation would soon have had success or failure awarded to it. But new mechanical contrivances had to be thought out, new machines had to be made, and a large amount of capital had to be sunk before it was possible to say how the venture would turn out. It was an anxious time for Mr. Salt, and few would have had the courage to fight through the many difficulties with which he had to contend. Now and then the burden seemed

almost too great even for his broad shoulders and stout heart, and he made proposals to an old friend who had worked with him while he was serving his brief apprenticeship at Rouse's to join him in partnership ; but the proposals were declined, the doubtful nature of the experiments then being made by Mr. Salt probably weighing much with the gentleman whose aid had been sought. It was at Garraway's Coffee-rooms in London that the two friends, who were up in town on business together, had their final conversation on the matter, and Mr. Salt took leave of the subject with the emphatic remark, "Well, I am going into this alpaca business right and left, and I'll either make myself a man or a mouse."

For a time Mr. Salt continued his experiments with alpaca wool in secret, often remaining at the factory far into the night superintending and anxiously watching the progress of operations, but by-and-bye it was given forth that the man who had succeeded in adapting Donskoi wool to the requirements of the worsted manufacture had succeeded in the far greater achievement of making a new class of goods the chief element of which was the wool of alpaca. Alpaca pieces now found their way into the market, and were greatly admired for their lustre and beauty. They were something different in appearance from any fabrics that had ever been seen, pleasing and grateful to the eye, agreeable to the touch, and, as was subsequently proved, of great durability. The goods were

eagerly taken up and bought at high prices ; then for a time alpaca dresses became the rage, as they at once received the stamp of fashion, and well deserved the popularity they obtained. At first Mr. Titus Salt had the manufacture to himself, and he found it necessary to greatly extend the number of his looms and spindles in order to keep pace with the extraordinary demands that were made upon him. He reached success at a bound, and as his looms were turning out alpaca pieces by the thousand every week, wealth poured in upon him at a rate that would have thrown most men off their balance. But there was such good mental ballast in Mr. Salt that no amount of success could make him forget what was due to himself ; so while the balance at his bankers grew and grew, and his private investments increased in number and value day by day, he was still the same unpretending, unobtrusive, quiet, plodding man of business that he had always been.

He had not the alpaca manufacture long to himself, however ; in the untravelled region where he had been the pioneer, he soon saw hundreds of others following in his footsteps. Not only Messrs. Hegan and Co., but many more wool-brokers, opened up communication with the alpaca producers of South America, and ship-load after ship-load of the wool was landed at Liverpool to find ready purchasers. As we have seen, Mr. Salt's first lot was bought at eightpence a pound ; the next consignment fetched tenpence ; and,

with the increased demand for alpaca goods the price advanced month by month, and year by year, until in 1852 it realised 2s. 6d. per lb. From 1836 to 1840 the average yearly quantity of alpaca wool imported into England was 560,800 lbs. : while in 1852 the quantity was 2,186,480 lbs. Several other new features were introduced into the worsted manufacture, about this time or shortly afterwards; the splendid example shown by Mr. Salt seeming to infuse fresh life and spirit into every branch of the trade. The hair of the Angora goat, an inhabitant of the mountain regions of Asia Minor, was brought into use under the name of mohair, and from that time to this the mohair manufacture has formed a principal item of the worsted industry. The yearly value of the alpaca and mohair imported into this country is now not less than £1,600,000. Another very important change in the trade of the district was brought about by the introduction of cotton warps in 1837. Up to that time both warps and weft had been composed of wool; but it was found that by using cotton as material for warps a complete harmony of fibre was obtained, and at the same time the cost of production was greatly reduced. While all these improvements were being brought about in regard to the kinds of raw material manufactured, improvements of almost equal value were being made in the construction of machinery. Wool-combing, which had theretofore been done by hand, was now done by machinery; and in all classes of

machines greater speed, power, and skill were brought to bear. The effect of all this was to draw business and wealth to Bradford to an extent that made the previous commercial life of the town appear small and insignificant. When Titus Salt entered Bradford in 1822, the population of the town would be about 27,000 ; in 1836, the year of the alpaca discovery, it would have risen to 50,000 ; it more than doubled itself by 1851 ; and has gone on increasing ever since at a similar rate, the number of inhabitants at the present time being nearly 200,000. How much of this prosperity is directly due to the business skill and energy of Titus Salt, it is, of course impossible to say, but Bradford and the worsted trade are greatly indebted to him for the part he played in bringing about their development. It might have been—who knows?—that but for him, there would not even yet have been any alpaca trade at all ; and it was that discovery of his, no doubt, that led to experiments with other fibres, such as mohair, camel's hair (a recent importation), silk waste, &c.—experiments which have been carried to a successful issue, and have done much to increase the importance of our national industries.

CHAPTER V.

CIVIC HONOURS.

DURING the first few years of the run of the alpaca trade, Mr. Titus Salt acquired a princely fortune, and as he approached the period of middle age he withdrew himself rather more than formerly from the cares of business, and gave up a portion of his time to public work in connection with the town. He had associated with him in the management of his factories several men of tried probity and ability, and although he never entirely yielded up the reins of direction, their help was of such a practical and trustworthy character that he was in a position to leave to them such details of superintendence as admitted of his setting apart the requisite amount of time for the discharge of those public duties that were pressed upon him.

In 1847 Bradford was granted a charter of incorporation, and amongst the list of aldermen was the name of Mr. Titus Salt, the first mayor being his personal friend, Mr. Robert Milligan, one of those self-made men of which a large trading community like that of Bradford usually affords so many examples. Mr. Salt was also one of the first bench of magistrates appointed for the new borough.

The next year, 1848, saw Mr. Salt elected Mayor of Bradford. The regard in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen, and the qualities of mind and heart which had impressed themselves so strongly upon the people, were gracefully set forth in the speech delivered on the occasion of his nomination to the office of chief magistrate by Alderman Forbes, who said, "You are all familiar with Mr. Salt's character and position. The founder of his own fortune, he has raised himself to an eminence in the manufacturing interest of this town surpassed by none; and he now finds himself, as a reward for his industry, intelligence, and energy, at the head of a vast establishment, and affording employment to some thousands of workpeople. As we all know, Mr. Salt was the means of introducing a most important branch of trade into this town—I mean the alpaca trade. Bringing to bear upon it his capital and skill, he not only realised great advantage for himself, but produced new fabrics in the manufactures of this district, thus developing a branch of business most beneficial and important to the working population. I believe, gentlemen, the same sagacity, practical good sense, cool judgment, and vigorous energy which have hitherto distinguished Mr. Salt, will be brought to bear upon the public business of this borough. You need not be told of his princely benefactions to our various local charities, nor of that magnificent generosity which is always open to the appeal of distress, and the claims of public institutions having for their object the

improvement of our population. With a warm heart, a sound head, a knowledge of our local interests conferred by long experience, and a disposition manifested on every occasion to do all that lies in his power to promote the prosperity of the borough, I do not think we could select a gentleman better qualified to succeed our late worthy Mayor." This speech was subsequently engraved on a massive silver pedestal, surmounted by the figure of Justice, and presented by Mr. Forbes to Mr. Salt as a token of friendship.

The year of Mr. Salt's mayoralty was a year of distress and trial for the people. The trade of the country was in a pitiable condition, and much uneasiness prevailed in consequence of the Chartist agitation which was then at its height. It was the year of political earthquake. Revolution, following in the wake of poverty and famine, had spread disaster abroad. Louis Philippe had been compelled to run away from France, and Republican ideas were fermented on all sides. Amongst the poor of Bradford a considerable proportion joined the ranks of the Chartists, and meetings and processions were frequent, the demonstrations being occasionally of a really alarming character, causing serious conflict between the Chartists and the local authorities. A large body of military had to be kept in readiness to be called out in case of emergency, and more than one crowd of rioters had to be dispersed by the soldiers during Mr. Salt's tenure of office.

It would have been difficult to have found a better chief magistrate than Mr. Salt for a time like this. His first act was to afford practical relief to the distressed, and with this object he co-operated with other prominent townsmen in establishing soup-kitchens in various parts of the borough. As many as 17,680 lbs. of bread and 2,954 quarts of soup were distributed in one week ; and large numbers of the unemployed were put to test labour. Mr. Salt himself found work for a hundred of the distressed operatives, but in addition to this he had his own workpeople to consider, and it says much for his generosity, that although his own sales had fallen off £10,000 a month, he kept his factories running, making goods for stock in order to benefit the poor. Another painful experience of Mr. Salt's mayoral year was the breaking out of the cholera epidemic in Bradford, when many hundreds fell victims to the terrible scourge. The Mayor gave liberally of his means in aid of the suffering and bereaved, and, fearless of danger, was frequent in his visits to the parts of the town where the disease was most prevalent, giving words of comfort and encouragement to the distressed. As his term of office drew to an end, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing his townspeople lifted out of their trouble and agitation ; the cholera disappeared before the approach of winter, and trade showed a decided improvement. This happier condition of things was

celebrated by Mr. Salt giving his workpeople an excursion into the country by the railway which had been opened the previous year, putting Bradford for the first time in connection with the leading railway systems of the country.

After this we do not hear much of Mr. Salt in relation to the public affairs of the town. He had always a dislike for making public appearances, and not possessing the gift of speech to any great degree, he felt himself out of place when called upon to address an audience. Still, although he refrained from participation in the more active business of public life, his good word, his name, and his purse were ever ready to help any cause whose object was the promotion of the people's welfare.

CHAPTER VI.

AS A FRESH START.

MR. SALT was now nearing his fiftieth year, a period which he had long fixed in his own mind as the time when he would relinquish business altogether, and retire into private life in some favourite country retreat, where he might be able to enjoy those delights of rural existence with which he had always felt so much sympathy, and from which he might dispense his

ample fortune according to the dictates of his generous heart. Since 1844 he had been residing at Crow Nest, a country mansion, situated near the village of Lightcliffe, some seven miles west of Bradford, and there, with a numerous family of sons and daughters growing up around him, had experienced the intervals of rest and quiet which had been a great relief to his business-oppressed mind. No one had better earned the right to cease from labour. For thirty years his devotion to his work had been incessant, and at times the strain upon his powers had been unduly severe. It was an interesting period for him to look back upon, and as he dwelt upon the retrospect he longed to fight his battles over again. The outlook across the dim uncertainty of the future was less invigorating to his active mind. Since the time when he had realised the first bright dream of his commercial life and had treated himself to a gold watch when his savings had reached £1,000, his course had been one of almost uninterrupted success, and it was but natural that he should desire to pass the evening of his life free from all business anxieties. All his friends expected it of him, and his best interests seemed to point in that direction. For all that, the more he thought the matter over the less he liked it, and at last, after long and anxious deliberation, he surprised everybody by announcing his determination not to accept a position of inaction and repose, but to make a fresh start in business that should be on greatly extended lines,

and give him and his sons opportunities superior to anything that could be had under the factory system that had up to that time prevailed. He resolved that he would build a mill of larger dimensions than had ever been seen in Bradford, and, along with it, would establish a workpeople's colony in which the health and comfort of the residents should be the first consideration. In this way he thought he would be able to establish his sons in business, under more favourable conditions than by allotting them separate portions; they would have something to work for—a future to make for themselves; and, above and beyond all that, such an investment of his capital would provide employment for even a larger number of the industrial population than he had then in his service.

Having made up his mind to take this important step, the next consideration was, where should he carry his plans into execution—where should he fix the site of his projected palace of industry? It would not do to go far away from Bradford, the centre and metropolis of the trade in which he was engaged; still, the town was already too crowded with factories, and the poorer districts in which the working population lived for the most part were unwholesome and unhealthy; so he resolved to establish his new factory in the country, but within easy distance of Bradford, and after a good deal of looking around he hit upon a site on the banks of the river Aire, just beyond the village

of Shipley, about three miles away from Bradford. The river bounded the site on one side, and the Midland railway on the other, while between the two, all in parallel directions, ran the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. Added to this, the situation was one of uncommon beauty, commanding as it did extensive views of a charmingly wooded valley, with great hills closing in the distance on either side, and a pure and fragrant country atmosphere resting upon it.

It was not long before the site was bought, although purchases had to be made from several proprietors, but when the various deeds of conveyance had been completed and the land had become Mr. Salt's property, he lost no time in commencing building operations. First of all, he waited upon Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, the architects, and instructed them to draw him a pencil sketch of a mill to cost £30,000 or £40,000. A day or two later he called again. The sketch was ready. "This won't do at all," said Mr. Salt, after giving it careful inspection. Mr. Lockwood asked the reason. "It isn't half big enough," replied Mr. Salt. The architect explained that this could be easily remedied, but thinking that his visitor was scarcely counting the cost of such an extensive building, he said, "Do you know how much a mill such as I have sketched would cost?" "No; how much?" asked Mr. Salt. "A hundred thousand pounds," replied Mr. Lockwood. "Oh, very likely," was Mr. Salt's quiet rejoinder. Thereupon the plans were at

once proceeded with and duly approved of, and in a very short time after the contracts were let, and a small army of workmen were to be seen day by day upon the chosen site piling stone on stone as if laying the foundations of a new city. Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Fairbairn was engaged as the machinery engineer of the new works, and under his direction the engines necessary for the gigantic factory were made and fixed, for Mr. Salt had resolved that everything in and about the place should be of the best. He even conceived the idea of adapting some portion of Sir Joseph Paxton's glass palace, in which the Great Exhibition of 1851 had been held, as a weaving-shed, and with that view he and his architect went to London to inspect the structure, but they came to the conclusion that it was unsuitable. If Mr. Titus Salt had taken a different view on that occasion, the probability is, that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham would never have had an existence.

The work of erection was pushed forward with all possible speed, and the summer of 1853 saw the giant six-storeyed mill, the immense warehouses, and the weaving-shed covering two acres brought to a point of completion. One evening about this time, Mr. Salt was entertaining his architect and engineer, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Fairbairn, at his house at Lightcliffe, when the conversation turned upon the naming of the new works. "It was suggested," writes Mr. Balgarnie, "that each should write a name down by himself, and

that the most appropriate one should be selected out of the list. One wrote the word 'Salttown,' another 'Saltburn;' but these names did not seem to express all that was needed. At last, Mr. Salt suggested that the name of the river on which the mill stands should be considered. All at once they each exclaimed, 'Saltaire! Saltaire! that's it!' And one playfully added, with wine-glass in his hand, 'I now propose success to Saltaire.' Thus the name of the works had its origin."

The same authority relates how, when Mr. Salt and Mr. Lockwood went over to Harewood to invite the Earl of Harewood to honour the opening proceedings with his presence, his lordship, while cordially accepting the invitation, asked how it was that Mr. Salt did not invest his capital in landed property, and enjoy the remainder of his life free from the strain of business. "Mr. Salt replied, 'My Lord, I had made up my mind to do this very thing, but on reflection I determined otherwise. In the first place, I thought that by the concentration of my works in one locality, I might provide occupation for my sons. Moreover, as a landed proprietor, I felt I should be out of my element. You are a nobleman, with all the influence that rank and large estates can bring, consequently you have power and influence in the country; but outside of my business I am nothing—in it, I have considerable influence. By the opening of Saltaire I also hope to do good to my fellow men.'"

The future

baronet knew exactly where his strength lay, and had the good sense not to aspire to things beyond his grasp or appreciation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPENING OF THE SALTAIRE WORKS.

ON the 20th of September, 1853, Mr. Titus Salt's fiftieth birthday, the works at Saltaire were opened with a banquet, the like of which had never before been known in the worsted district. It was held in the combing-shed, a vast room 210 feet in length and 112 feet in breadth, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The guests were 3,500 in number, including 2,500 of Mr. Salt's workpeople. The more distinguished guests included the Lord Lieutenant, the Members of Parliament for the West Riding and the neighbouring boroughs, all the local magistrates, the Mayors of the adjacent towns, the Mayor and Corporation of Bradford, the directors of the Midland Railway Company, and all the gentlemen who had been employed in the various works connected with the erection and furnishing of the establishment.

The provision for this numerous company was of the most profuse character, and comprised the following items :—Four hind-quarters of beef, 40 chines of

beef, 120 legs of mutton, 100 dishes of lamb, 40 hams, 40 tongues, 50 pigeon pies, 50 dishes of roast chickens, 20 dishes of roast ducks, 30 brace of grouse, 30 brace of partridges, 50 dishes of potted meat of various kinds, 320 plum puddings, 100 dishes of tartlets, 100 dishes of jellies, &c.. Altogether there were two tons of meat provided, and half a ton of potatoes. For dessert there were pine apples, grapes, melons, peaches, nectarines, apricots, filberts, walnuts, apples, pears, biscuits, sponge cakes, &c. ; while the supply of wines was abundant. There were in use 7,000 pairs of knives and forks, 4,000 tumbler glasses, 4,200 ordinary wine-glasses, and 750 champagne glasses.

Mr. and Mrs. Salt occupied the positions of honour at the central table, and the banquet was proceeded with as soon as they and their more distinguished guests took their seats. Such a clatter of knives and forks there was, such a clinking of glasses, such a hum of happy conversation ! The scene was both interesting and impressive ; the representative of England's ancient aristocracy sat side by side with the representative of industry, and links of friendly connection were forged between them by the splendid proceedings of that day. After the repast came the toasts and the speeches, but happy as many of the speakers were in the expression of admiration for the founder of the feast and his great industrial achievements, the speech which Mr. Salt himself delivered, in plain, homely, manly language befitting the occasion, was the

utterance which spoke most directly to the sympathies of the assembly. "He might state," he said, "that ten or twelve years before he had looked for that day on which he completed his fiftieth year. He had looked forward to that day, when he thought to retire from business and enjoy himself in agricultural pursuits, which would be both congenial to his mind and inclination. But as the time drew near, and looking to his large family, five of them being sons, he reversed that decision, and determined to proceed a little longer, and remain at the head of the firm. Having thus determined, he at once made up his mind to leave Bradford. He did not like to be a party to increasing that already overcrowded borough, but he looked around him for a site suitable for a large manufacturing and commercial establishment, that for the beauty of its situation, and the salubrity of its air, was a desirable place for the erection of dwellings. Far was it from him to do anything to pollute the air and water of the district. He would do all he could, and he had no doubt he should be successful, to avoid evils so great as those resulting from polluted air and water; and he hoped to draw around him a population who would enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood, and who would be well-fed, contented, and happy. He had given instructions to his architect, who was quite competent to carry them out, that nothing should be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country. If his life should be spared by

Providence, he hoped to see satisfaction, happiness, and comfort around him." The bells of Shipley Church rang out their merry peals, and every now and then cannon were fired in front of the works. There was an appropriate speech made on behalf of the operatives, and a poem called the "Peerage of Industry," written for the occasion by Mr. Robert Storey, known as the Craven poet, was also recited.

The festivities were continued in Bradford the same evening, when Mr. Salt gave a grand concert in the principal public hall of the town, and nearly the whole of the guests who had been at the banquet at Saltaire attended. A special train conveyed the workpeople from Bradford to Saltaire and back again, for the concert at night. The day was one of great rejoicing, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner. Thus was the opening of the works at Saltaire celebrated. It was the commencement of a fresh lease of business life for Mr. Salt, and represented an important development of the commercial resources of the district.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOWN OF SALTAIRE.

IN 1851 the place now known as Saltaire was a pretty rural spot where there did not exist a single dwelling. There were stepping-stones across the river at this point, and there was a little old water-mill, but, for the rest, all was as rural as could be. There was the canal, it is true, with its boats pulled slowly along by horses ; and a few yards away there was the greatest civiliser of all, the railway, along which the trains hurried with their freights north or south ; but the angler was a frequent sojourner on the banks of the river, and there was a pleasure boat above the weir, which was much patronised on summer evenings by the village lads and lasses. All this was very pretty, and very picturesque, and there was a quiet, old-world look about the scene despite the presence of the railway. But as soon as Titus Salt came and set his industrial seal upon the spot, all was speedily changed, as if by magic, and bit by bit there arose a series of massive stone structures which gave solid dignity to the landscape, and on the slope above the railway a little town was built, consisting of handsome cottages, wide streets, and pleasant gardens, affording a marked

contrast to the crowded dinginess of the working-class districts of our large manufacturing centres. The place altogether is of such an unique character, and constitutes in itself such an important portion of the life-work of its founder, that a description of it could not properly be omitted from any biographical notice of the discoverer of alpaca.

The pile of buildings to which the term "the works" is usually applied, is distinguished in many respects for architectural elegance above all works of the kind. The Italian style has been adopted, giving not only beauty of outline, but a strong, massive appearance to the general design. The south front of the main mill is 545 feet in length, and its height is seventy-two feet. As seen from the Midland Railway, its appearance is extremely imposing. The engine-houses occupy the centre of the building, on either side of the principal entrance, and through the enormous windows the great engines can be seen toiling away in ponderous smoothness, the immense wheels circling round at a marvellous speed, the beams rising and falling, and all the other parts of the great power-giving machines going through their allotted movements with unerring precision. In the construction of the engine-beds 2,400 tons of solid stone were used. The first four floors of the mill are divided each into two rooms, the line of division being the engine-houses, but the top room runs the whole length of the building, and is, perhaps, the

longest workroom in the world. The floors are based upon arches of hollow brick, supported by long rows of highly-ornamented cast-iron columns and massive cast-iron beams. The roof is of iron, and the windows are large, and formed of immense squares of plate glass. The warehouses, which run northward from the centre of the great front line, and terminate at the point where the canal is reached, are 330 feet in length. The ground slopes downwards towards the canal, so the buildings at that end rise to a height of ninety feet from the level of the water, or eighteen feet higher than the principal front, in order that the roof-level may be preserved. On each side of the warehouses there are large sheds, the one on the eastern side being the weaving shed, of a total area of two acres, capable of holding 1,200 looms, and the one on the western side, set apart for wool-combing and its kindred processes, being of the dimensions already stated. It is on this side of the works also that the rooms for sorting, washing, and drying wools are to be found, as well as the reeling and packing-rooms. Beneath is a tank capable of holding 500,000 gallons of water, into which, through a number of conduits, the rain is carried, and, when filtered, applied to the process of the manufacture. On the top of the warehouse there is a large iron tank, with a capacity of 70,000 gallons, and into this the water is pumped from the river, and is available in case of fire, although the buildings themselves are

said to be fireproof. At the western boundary of the works, looking on to the main thoroughfare, are commodious offices with a frontage of 240 feet. At the opposite corner of this huge industrial establishment stands the mill chimney, which takes the form of a handsome tower of considerable architectural beauty, reminding one more of a graceful Italian bell-tower than an ordinary factory chimney. It was objected, before the chimney was built, that it would spoil the imposing frontage of the mill, but to this Mr. Salt replied with the characteristic remark, "It shall be an additional ornament to the place, and not a detraction to it;" and so it proved. The chimney is of square formation, and rises to the height of 250 feet, its base being 26 feet square. The works cover a total area of ten acres, and afford employment for from 3,000 to 4,000 people. The consumption of coal is about fifty tons a day, or 15,000 tons a year; and the weight of the shafting which runs the machinery is from 600 to 700 tons. The length of shafting to be set in motion before all the machinery could be put in operation when the mill was first opened—since which time many important additions have been made—was 9,870 feet, or nearly two miles. "All that immense mass of matter," said Sir William Fairbairn (to whom we are indebted for these figures) "must be put and kept in motion before they could give power or force to the various machines in the different departments;" and, as regarded the weaving

shed alone, his calculation was that it would hold 1,200 looms, producing each day 30,000 yards of alpaca cloth or other goods, equal to nearly eighteen miles' length of fabric, which would give a length of 5,688 miles in one year, which, as the crow flies, would reach over land and sea to Peru, the native mountains of the alpaca. Over thirty years have elapsed since the famous engineer made these interesting calculations, since when the speed of textile machinery has been greatly increased, and the power of production at Saltaire must be therefore proportionately more.

The impression that Mr. Salt's undertaking as a whole made upon Sir William Fairbairn was deep and lasting, his wonder at the extent and beauty of the works being only equalled by his admiration for the man whose brain had conceived the idea of this immense industrial colony. He wrote, in his work on "The Application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes," as follows:—"I select for illustration the gigantic establishment at Saltaire, not more on account of its general completeness, than as a means of conveying to the mind of the general reader some idea of the vast energies, resources, and confidence which are brought to bear upon the development of manufacturing industry by the more advanced and enlightened men who are engaged in the production of textile fabrics. It is impossible to visit the neighbourhood of these busy hives ; to survey

the silent and uniform action of the great motive powers ; to listen to the constant and confusing din of spindle and loom ; to be informed of the number of human beings employed under one roof, of the amount of their earnings, and the astounding total of their produce ; and to reflect farther upon the enterprise and talent which must be in constant action, both abroad and nearer home, to keep this great whole supplied and at work—without admiring the intellect that can guide such a work, and feeling thankful for that national security which justifies the risk.”

When the works were completed and in full running order, Mr. Salt set about the accomplishment of the task which was quite as dear to his heart as the building of the immense factory had been. He commenced to erect a residential town for the accommodation of his workpeople, who for a time were conveyed from Bradford to Saltaire and back, morning and night, by special train. In the carrying out of this great scheme he had the able assistance of his architects, Messrs Lockwood and Mawson, and in the course of time there arose, in convenient contiguity to the works, but in no way overshadowed by them, a handsome, solid, well-built, well-planned town, covering an area of twenty-five acres, and containing 895 dwellings, including forty-five almshouses for the accommodation of the aged and infirm, with a provision of seven shillings and sixpence a week for each

unmarried inmate, and ten shillings for each married couple. There was one grand thoroughfare, to which the name of Victoria Road was given. This stretched across the whole length of the estate, from the Bradford and Skipton highway on the higher side to the pleasant country lane that began at the opposite bank of the river, and led to Shipley Glen, a celebrated holiday retreat for the people of the neighbouring districts. An immense iron bridge, in continuation of Victoria Road, spans the canal and river. The various streets, of which there are twenty-two, are constructed at right angles to each other.

Mr. Titus Salt's consideration for his workpeople did not end with simply providing them with healthy and roomy dwellings; he was anxious to give them social, moral, and educational advantages of the best possible character, and how admirably he succeeded in carrying out this great philanthropic project is now evidenced by the fact that in regard to its institutions, Saltaire at the present moment stands unrivalled. A Congregational Church was built in 1859 at a cost of £16,000; baths and washhouses were erected in 1863 at a cost of £7,000; and in 1868 a series of splendid school-buildings was opened, which the Government Inspector reported, "for beauty, size, and equipment, had no rivals in the district." On these schools Mr. Salt expended another £7,000. Until the coming into operation of the Education Act of 1870 they were used as elementary schools, but when the

Shipleigh School Board built schools of their own in the neighbourhood, he turned them into middle-class schools, and as such they have been a great success. In 1871 he presented the people of Saltaire with a park, fourteen acres in extent, on the banks of the river ; and in the following year the Saltaire Club and Institute was opened, in the building and furnishing of which he spent £25,000. In declaring the building open, his son, Mr. Titus Salt, said "the institution was intended, in the first place, to be a social club, and secondly, an educational institute. It was intended to supply the advantages of a public-house, without its evils ; it would be a place to which the people could resort for conversation, business, recreation, and refreshment, as well as for education—elementary, technical, and scientific. He expressed, on that occasion, his father's earnest desire that the Saltaire Club and Institute might long supply rational relaxation to those whose honest labour had best fitted them for its enjoyment, and that it might, for very many years, furnish means of advancement in what was good, noble, and virtuous, to the inhabitants of the town which he had built, and which was so closely associated with his fortunes and his name." It took over twenty years to complete all these vast undertakings, and to make Saltaire the model town that it is to-day, but the founder had the satisfaction of living to see the fulfilment of his desires in this direction ; and this splendid industrial colony will remain for

years to come a monument to his greatness of heart and unbounded benevolence. All these social advantages were open to the people of Saltaire ; and he wisely set them against the attractions of the public-house, there being no place in the town where intoxicating liquors are permitted to be sold. The Saltaire community are thus in the enjoyment of such pleasures and privileges of life as may be sought for in vain in other places. The scene is one of rare beauty ; seldom has an industrial settlement been favoured with more delightful natural surroundings ; and never has the welfare of a body of workers been more anxiously and intelligently studied, than by the man who, at fifty years of age, resolved to build this wonderful town.

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER HONOURS.

THERE is not much more to be said of Mr. Titus Salt's business life. His position was assured, and in his sons and other partners he found all the managerial aid that he required. In him rested the supreme control and direction of the gigantic concern ; it was for them to carry his ideas into effective execution. By this arrangement he contrived to secure to himself the leisure necessary for the fulfilment of his

duties as a country gentleman, and also to spare some portion of his time for such public work as he might still find it convenient to perform.

In 1856 he entertained the whole of his work-people at Crow Nest, and they showed their appreciation of his generosity by presenting him with a colossal marble bust of himself.

In 1859 he was prevailed upon to come forward as a Parliamentary candidate for Bradford in the Liberal interest, in succession to General Thompson, who was retiring. Mr. H. W. Wickham, who had represented the borough for some years, and Mr. Alfred Harris, a local banker, were the other candidates. In addressing a meeting of the electors at this time, Mr. Salt said, "I assure you it is not from any ambition on my part that I have acceded to this request, but if you do elect me to represent you, I shall consider it a very great honour, and all my exertions shall be directed to the cause of Reform." When the day of election came, he was returned as one of the members for the borough, along with Mr. Wickham.

As might have been expected, Parliamentary life was not congenial to him. He had had no training for such a career, so, although he kept resolutely in his place within the walls of St. Stephen's when his presence or his vote could be of use to his party, the long sittings, the irregular hours, the heated atmosphere, and the excitement of debate told seriously

upon his health, and he had to confess to his friends that he was "a weary man." On the approach of the session of 1861 he therefore resigned his seat, informing his constituents, with many regrets, that after two years of experience he found he had not sufficient stamina to bear up under the fatigues and late hours incidental to parliamentary life. It was to the seat thus vacated that Mr. W. E. Forster was elected.

Mr. Salt's health suffered much at this time, and he sought rest and change of air at Scarborough, and there made the acquaintance of his biographer, the Rev. R. Balgarnie, minister of South Cliff Church, whose sermons seem to have made a deep impression upon the "weary man." A friendship sprang up between the two, and was continued unbroken to the end of Mr. Salt's life, with a closeness of intercourse that was productive of much good. Previous to this, Mr. Salt had made Methley Hall, near Leeds, his residence, having been compelled to leave Crow Nest, in consequence of the proprietor requiring the place for his own occupation. The change was, perhaps, a somewhat trying one, involving to some extent fresh conditions of life, and taking him further away from Saltaire, which up to the last held the chief place in his affections. Methley Hall was the seat of the Earl of Mexborough, but had been suffered to fall into decay. It was, however, a grand old house, with a fine park, in which herds of deer found a home, and picnic-parties roamed at their pleasure. To the new

tenant was left the task and expense of restoring this ancestral mansion to something like its former grandeur, but he set about the work with energy, and in course of time transformed the whole aspect of the place, adding beauty and comfort to it on all sides. By virtue of these great improvements, Mr. Salt got the hall and park at an almost nominal rent. After his retirement from Parliament, he divided his leisure time for the most part between Methley and Scarborough. Mr. Balgarnie has given us a picture of Mr. Salt's domestic life at the former place. "The younger children were then about him," he says, "and in their pastimes he found relaxation and delight. When little children were sojourning there, he loved to become young again, and to take part in their childish sport. On one occasion, we remember him heading a juvenile procession in the hall, and marching to the unmelodious sound of the fire-irons, he being chief musician and leader. When Christmas came, and both children and grandchildren met under the parental roof, his domestic felicity was complete. And when the yule log blazed and crackled on the capacious hearth (which seemed to have been originally constructed for the purpose), and the old baronial hall became familiar once more with scenes of native mirth, the echoes of olden times were revived." The same authority tells us that on a certain evening when Mr. Salt entertained as guests Owen Jones, Digby Wyatt,

and Sir Charles Pasley, the last-named gentleman asked their host what books he had been reading lately. "Alpaca," was the quiet reply ; then, after a short pause, he added, "If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for reading." It was during his early residence at Methley that Mr. Salt gave up the practice of smoking, becoming so strong an anti-tobacconist that in handing boxes of cigars to his friends he would not unfrequently show them an interior of chocolate bon-bons, or, if the cigars were real, accompany them with a few tracts exposing the evils of smoking.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 a "new Order of Reward for establishments promoting the welfare of the persons engaged in them" was established, and a prize of 100,000 francs was offered. Mr. Salt was asked to compete, but he declined to enter into "competitive rivalry for well-doing"; at the same time, on the understanding that he was not giving information for submission to a jury, he furnished full particulars concerning the town of Saltaire and the works. The Emperor of the French afterwards conferred on Mr. Salt the Legion of Honour.

In 1867, Mr. Salt left Methley, and returned to Crow Nest, the opportunity of purchasing his old home having presented itself. Here he continued his acts of charity and goodness, and spread far and wide his beneficial influence. In the autumn of 1869, Mr.

Gladstone intimated to Mr. Salt her Majesty's desire to confer a baronetcy upon him. "Though we have not been so fortunate," wrote the Premier, "as to keep you within the precincts—perhaps I ought to say the troubled precincts—of Parliamentary life, you have not failed by your station, character, and services, to establish an ample title to the honourable distinction which it is now my gratifying duty to place at your disposal." It was with some reluctance that the unexpected honour was accepted, the addition of the mark of rank being to some extent at variance with the simplicity of his character. Congratulations poured in upon him on all sides, and it was felt that the honour had been richly merited.

A year or two later we find the people of Bradford and Saltaire engaged in raising a subscription for a statue to Sir Titus Salt, and, although the movement was in direct opposition to his wishes and feelings, such was the esteem in which he was held that in a short time a sum of £3,000 was obtained, the contributions ranging from the humble penny of the factory child to subscriptions of £5, the highest sum that any one was permitted to give. A noble statue was executed by Mr. J. Adams-Acton, and now forms one of the chief objects of notice in the town where the alpaca discovery was first utilised. It was unveiled on the 3rd August, 1874, by the Duke of Devonshire. Amongst the speakers at this ceremony, in addition to His Grace, were the late Lord Frederick

Cavendish, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. John Crossley, M.P., and Mr. H. W. Ripley, M.P., all of whom tendered a warm tribute to the man in whose honour they were assembled. The proceedings were witnessed by thousands of the working population of the district. And with this great gathering, the people who had benefited by Sir Titus Salt's enterprise and benevolence gave public testimony of their gratitude for the many favours they had received at his hands.

CHAPTER X.

A GOOD MAN'S END.

SIR TITUS SALT'S life had little in it of incident or adventure. From first to last he only lived to do good, and, apart from the grand scope of his business career, and the still nobler effects of his unbounded charities, he seems to have had as quiet, modest, and uneventful a history as any one could well have had. In these two directions he left a lasting impress, and so much did his business and his charities occupy him that he had not time to ride hobbies, or to get himself entangled in the excitements of everyday life, had he had any desire to do so. When the story of his commercial enterprises, and of his "noble giving" have been recorded, therefore, the history of his life has practically been told.

It would be altogether impossible to give a list of his charities, for they extended over so long a period, and amounted to so large a total. It has been said that during his lifetime his benefactions reached the immense sum of a quarter of a million. This desire to help his fellow-creatures was present with him all through life. In the early days of his manufacturing experience, when he used to drive night and morning between Crow Nest and Bradford, he would often have compassion on a poor, ragged wayfarer, and give him "a lift on the road"; and to such of his workpeople as happened to fall into distress he was always a generous friend. One of the first of his larger public donations was the gift of £1,000 towards the cost of Bradford's first park, Peel Park. This was in 1850. For the next ten years, his energies were chiefly devoted to Saltaire; and the institutions he built there, and munificently endowed, form in themselves a splendid monument to his benevolence. Shortly after his retirement from Parliament, he gave £5,000 to the Sailors' Orphanage at Hull, for the enlargement of that institution, and himself went over to inspect the place. He also gave other smaller sums to the Orphanage, and annually subscribed £50 to its funds. Towards the building of the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, London, erected at a cost of £75,000, Sir Titus Salt contributed £5,000. Towards the new church at Scarborough, where his friend Mr. Balgarnie had

spiritual charge, he gave £2,500. When the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster was established Sir Titus was represented on the list of donations by a gift of £5,000; and about the same time he gave £5,000 to the Bradford Fever Hospital. To the fund for aged Congregational ministers—"The Pastors' Retiring Fund," as it is called—he sent £1,800. Amongst his later benefactions may also be mentioned a contribution of £5,000 to the Liberation Society, whose principles he consistently supported through life; and a gift of £11,000 to the Bradford Grammar Schools for the establishing of four scholarships, two for boys and two for girls.

When the Yorkshire Congregational Union held its annual session at Halifax in April, 1876, it was mentioned to Sir Titus that a fund was being formed for the extinction of debts on village churches; he at once took his note-book out and put the name of the society down for £600. It was impossible for him to ignore the claims of any charity whose necessities were made clear to him, and year by year the institutions of Bradford were liberally contributed to by him.

At this period, Sir Titus Salt began to show signs of declining health, and his family and friends were much concerned about him. He did not complain, however, but it was observed that he did not walk as well as he had done up to that time; his face began to wear a saddened look, and his eyes lost something of

their old brightness. Change of scene was suggested to him, and in the month of April he went to Harrogate for a short time, accompanied by his wife and daughters, and the fresh, pure air of that favourite health-resort seemed to do him so much good that he felt emboldened to take a further journey. He therefore went forward to Maplewell, in Leicestershire, the residence of his eldest son, the present baronet, and there the fine spring weather, the pleasant country scene, and the genial influences of association with his kindred, cheered his heart and improved his health. From Maplewell he proceeded to London, proposing to spend a few weeks with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, at their home in Kensington, but it was soon apparent that he was in a suffering condition, and it was thought advisable to consult an eminent physician. It was found that the action of the heart had become very feeble; and when repeated fainting attacks had occurred, it was concluded that it would be best for him to return home.

He got back to Crow Nest, and, becoming weaker and weaker, began at last to remain in the house, and had to place himself in the hands of the doctor. Once, and once only, he made the attempt to go to church, but he was so much exhausted after it, that he did not try to go any more. For the brief remainder of his days he had to be content to perform his devotions in the seclusion of his own room. His weakness increased until he was almost unable to walk. Occa-

sionally, when the day was warm and bright, he would suffer himself to be drawn across the garden terrace in a spring carriage, when, with his wife and daughters by his side, he would seem to enjoy the exercise very much. Old business friends, and men with whom he had formerly worked side by side in the cause of charity, religion, or politics, were welcome visitors in these days, and were received by him with many touching proofs of affection. Although himself past taking part in the great questions which engaged the public mind, it was a pleasure to him to sit and listen to the narratives of those who were still active and zealous workers in the busy world from which he was now compelled to stand apart.

His strength of will was strongly manifested to the last. When the autumn came round—the usual time for the family to visit Scarborough—Sir Titus surprised his domestic circle by asking one day whether room could not be found for him at Scarborough that year. At first the notion was not accepted seriously, but when it was found that he really desired to visit once more his favourite watering-place, a consultation was held with the doctors, and their permission for the proposed journey was obtained. Mr. Charteris, his medical attendant, accompanied him, and every possible means was taken to insure the comfort of the invalid.

After his arrival at Scarborough, a decided improvement in his health was soon noticed. He be-

came more lively, and, when the sun was out, he took much pleasure in being drawn in a Bath chair along the Esplanade, where, with the gay scene of picturesque life before him on the shore, and the German Ocean stretching far away into the distance beyond, he found much to interest him and quicken his enjoyment. For a while, this change of scene promised to arrest the progress of physical decay, and his friends regarded him more hopefully. But it was not to be. The fainting attacks returned before long, and the doctors advised his removal back to Crow Nest. No time was lost in making the return journey, and those who saw him away by train from Scarborough knew only too well that he was turning his back upon the place for ever.

His condition was now critical. It was felt that he was entering Crow Nest for the last time. He himself felt it. After he had been home a few days, more alarming symptoms showed themselves, and on Sunday, the 17th December, 1876, it was decided to telegraph for his children to come at once. They all came; not one missed; and the few days that were left to him on earth were brightened by the presence around him of the faces of those nearest and dearest to him. He lingered until the 29th of December, when, at twenty minutes to one o'clock in the afternoon, he passed away.

"He has gone away," wrote a member of the family, "from the land of the dying to that of the living. I quoted to him again and again, 'I will never

leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'I give unto them eternal life.' 'No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hands.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' It was my lot to be almost constantly with him during his last days. I was with him to the last, and when the end had come, I could not help touching his hand and saying, 'Farewell, happy spirit!' with the joyous belief that we should meet again. Happily for those who remained, there was no physical suffering, and his breath died away like a soft summer breeze."

On the 5th of January, 1877, the funeral of this good and noble man took place, when his remains were taken from Crow Nest to Saltaire, and there buried in the family mausoleum in the Congregational Church. Such a funeral had hardly ever been witnessed in Yorkshire before. All the public bodies and institutions were represented in the funeral procession, and at the gates of the church over 40,000 persons assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased baronet.

So passed away a great and good man ; his work done, his character complete ; leaving behind a name that will linger long on men's lips as a sanctifying memory.

There was nothing complex in the nature of Sir Titus Salt. He was plain, simple, straightforward. Modest in all things, he was still self-assertive in achieving high aims and doing good deeds. His dis-

tinguishing force was his persistence ; that quality was the foundation of his success. He never gave up an object which he had satisfied himself was desirable and attainable. The world knows his successes, but does not think of the trials through which he had to pass to win them. His persistence was the result of the clear perception he had of what he was aiming at. It was no undefined wish for success that urged him on, but it was a striving after success in a clearly-marked path of which he saw the direction and the end. Nothing was more noticeable than his hesitation and long deliberation about new projects ; but, when once he had made up his mind that the thing was right, he did not permit any further delay, nor was he discouraged by any temporary failure or misfortune. He still believed in the correctness of his conclusions, and still went on. Like every one else, he had to go through bad times and good ; but when weaker men faltered, his confidence in ultimate success did not desert him. He was, above all, a worker ; not a talker. Indeed, his great habit of silence was a matter of annoyance often to his associates, and sometimes he was reproached for it. But it was neither dulness nor obstinacy. It was the habit of early years, contracted when he had to rely on his own unaided judgment. It might be said, to use the words of Shakspeare, that he could

“ Be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.”

By some it has been said that his success was all luck—that he hit by chance on a new material, and that the same good fortune might have happened to any one else. This was not so. Titus Salt took in hand what other people had experimented with and thrown aside ; he grappled with all the difficulties by which it was surrounded, and by pains and patience, hard work and strong intelligence, mastered it.

The career of Sir Titus Salt will furnish a stimulus to many entering upon the struggles of a business life. They may learn from the history of one who not only obtained distinction, but earned it, that a career is always open to ability ; that it is the union of caution with boldness that secures success ; and, above all, that however great may be a man's wealth, it is comparatively valueless unless there be the settled desire and the fulfilled purpose that others shall enjoy its benefits.

(Our Portrait is from a Photograph by Appleton & Co., Bradford.)

GEORGE MOORE.



CHAPTER I.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

BETWEEN George Moore, the “canny” Cumberland lad, whose days were spent in fun and frolic—in wrestling, hunting, and practical joking—and George Moore, the wealthy, sober-minded London city merchant, whose chief aim in life was to do good to his fellow-men, there was such a striking contrast that it cannot but be interesting to trace the course of such an existence, and learn by what special talent or effort he was able to make his way from the bottom to the top of the social ladder. Fortunately, the materials for the story are not far to seek, Mr. Moore having himself told it, in his own modest way, in his autobiography, and the author of “Self-Help” having, with infinite skill and a loving hand, given us a full and complete picture of the man and his surroundings through all the phases of his struggle from poverty to riches.

George Moore’s birthplace was at Mealsgate, a pleasant village between Wigton and Cockermouth.

His father was a farmer in a small way ; a man of blameless life, whose example had a lasting influence upon his son. George says, "I have often said that I think he never told a lie in his life. The only time he flogged me was for telling a lie ; and I never felt so sorry for anything as to have grieved him." There was a good deal of sorrow and trial for George in the days of his boyhood. When he was about six years old his mother died, and the impression made upon his mind by that event was very distressing. All his life long he remembered with a feeling almost of awe, that after the funeral, when night came on, he was taken by his father to sleep with him "in the same bed from which his mother had been taken in the morning." That night was one of sleepless horror to him.

Five years later, a stepmother was introduced into the house, who proved a good wife and helpmate to her husband, but whose presence was somewhat of a disturbing influence as far as the elder children were concerned. She was kind to George ; still, for all that, he felt the want of a mother's sympathy. His school life, which began when he was eight years of age, was not particularly happy either. The master was an old man fond of drink, which the scholars were sent out to fetch for him three or four times a day. George Moore says of him, "He used to drive the learning into us with a thick ruler, which he brought down sharply upon our backs. He often sent the ruler flying amongst our heads.

The wonder is that he did not break our skulls. His rule was to drive reading, writing, and arithmetic into us by brute force." No wonder that George often played truant, and gave as much time as he could snatch to the rough sports and pastimes of the village.

We afterwards hear of him working for his brother. "As my brother did not pay me any wages," he says, "and as I only had my meat and clothes, I hired myself out when the home-fields were cut, to the neighbouring farmers ; and I was thus enabled to get some pocket-money which I could call my own. I started at sixpence a day, and by the time that I was ten years old I got eighteenpence a day. When I reached the age of twelve, being a very strong boy, I 'carried my rig' with the men. I sheared with the sickle, and kept time and pace with the full-grown shearers. For this I earned two shillings a day, with my food. This was considered unequalled for a boy of my age to accomplish."

About this period, his father sent him to a "finishing" school for a quarter, at a cost of eight shillings ; and there, for the first time, George Moore "felt that there was some use in learning." But the lad was far from being satisfied with his life and prospects. He began to have yearnings for something better than the drudgery of the farm, so, at the age of thirteen, he came to the determination that he would leave home and enter upon the struggle of life for himself, under different conditions.

The chance of a fresh start was not long in presenting itself. A Wigton draper called Messenger was heard of, who wanted an apprentice, and on George being mentioned to him, arrangements were soon made for the lad to enter Mr. Messenger's service. George was bound for four years to the Wigton draper, and to Wigton, which was eleven miles distant from Mealsgate, he accordingly went, taking with him his father's blessing, and a meagre supply of clothes and money. George and his step-mother made the journey together to Wigton on the same horse, "she clinging to him on the pack-saddle behind."

George was not more fortunate in his apprentice life than he had been in his life at home. He slept at his master's house, but had to get his meals in an adjoining inn. Referring to this unhappy period of his career, he says, "My apprenticeship will not bear reflection. My master was more thoughtless than myself. He gave way to drinking, and set before me a bad example. Unfortunately I lodged in the public-house nearly all the time, and saw nothing but wickedness and drinking." He thus describes his work:—"I had to make the fire, clean the windows, groom my master's horse, and do many things that boys from our ragged schools now-a-days think they are 'too good for.' I should have been happy enough but for the relentless persecution and oppression of my fellow-apprentice, who was some years older than

myself, He lost no opportunity of being cruel to me. He once nearly throttled me. He tried to damage my character by spreading false reports about me, and telling untruths to my master. Even now, after so many years have passed, I can still feel the burden under which my life groaned from the wrongs and misrepresentations of that time. After about two years this tyrant left, and I became head apprentice. I had now to keep the books, serve the good customers, and borrow money to pay my master's debts, for by this time he had become very unsteady. The only marvel was that in God's good providence I did not become a victim to drink myself, as I saw nothing else before me. I slept at the shop, but got my food at the "Half-Moon" public-house. Then I had to give a glass of spirits-and-water to all the good customers, even if a parcel as small as a five-shilling waistcoat was bought. I now considered myself of some importance, having an apprentice under me ! He had lots of pocket-money, and I had none. We therefore played at cards, and I won his money. I did it in fair play, having always luck at cards. I kept a pack of cards in my pocket. I played at cards almost every night. I went to the public-houses and played with men for high stakes. I frequently lost all that I had, but I often gained a great deal. I sometimes played the whole night through."

What would have been the end of this it is hard to say, if an incident had not occurred that caused him

to change his mode of life. He was often out so late upon his gambling expeditions that he was obliged to get into the house through a window which he left unfastened. His master got to know of this, however, and determined to put a stop to George's gambling habits. One night, therefore, after George had gone out with his cards, Mr. Messenger nailed down the window, and when, at five o'clock in the morning George returned, he found that he could not get in. It was the morning of Christmas Eve. "After vainly trying to open the window," he says, "I went up the lane alongside the house. About a hundred yards up, I climbed to the ridge of the lowest house in the row. Thence I clambered my way up to the next highest house, and then managed to creep along the ridges of the intervening houses, until I reached the top of my master's dwelling—the highest house of all. I slid down the slates until I reached the waterspout. I got hold of it, and hung suspended over the street. I managed to put my feet on to the window-sill, and push up the window with my left foot. This was no danger or difficulty to me, as I had often been let down by bigger boys than myself with a rope round my waist, into the old round tower at Whitehall, that I might rob the jackdaws of their nests and eggs. I dropped quietly into my room, and went to bed. Soon after, Messenger came up to look after me, and found me apparently asleep. I managed to keep up the appearance so long as he

remained there. I heard him murmuring and threatening that the moment I got up he would turn me out of the place. This only served to harden me. But in the morning the waits came round, playing the Christmas carols. Strangely, better thoughts came over me with the sweet music. I awoke to the sense of my wrong-doing. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart, and bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I lay in bed, almost without moving, for twenty-four hours. No one came near me. I was without food or drink. I thought of what I should do when I got up. If my master turned me off, I would go straightway to America. I resolved in any case to give up card-playing and gambling, which, by God's grace, I am thankful to say, I have firmly carried out."

When George got up the next morning, he found his master had been vowing to the neighbours that he would pack his apprentice about his business, and it was not until much friendly entreaty had been used that he consented to give the lad another trial.

After that, George Moore lived a different life, and ceased to gamble or to go to the public-house. He had no more meals at the "Half-Moon," and, instead of continuing to sleep at the shop, took lodgings with one Nanny Graves, in whose family he soon made himself a great favourite.

When George came to the end of his apprentice-

ship he resolved to seek his fortune in London, and announced his intention to his family, who were much opposed to his going. But it was of no use trying to persuade him from his purpose ; his mind was made up, and, for good or ill, to London he would go.

When he took his departure from Wigton, his father came to take leave of him, bringing thirty pounds with him for his son's expenses. There was much sorrowing on both sides, until Nanny Graves interposed with, " What gars ye greet that way ? Depend upon't, yer son 'll either be a great nowt or a great soomat ! "

They parted, and he set off for Carlisle, " his sister Mary going part of the road with him to carry his bundle." The next morning, at five o'clock, he took his place on the coach for London.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTRY LAD IN LONDON.

AFTER a tedious journey of two days and a half, George Moore was put down in London, arriving there the day before Good Friday, 1825.

In spite of the few years he had spent at Wigton, he was still but a raw country lad of nineteen, with the broad Cumberland dialect lingering in his speech, and a decided rustic cut about his garments. For a

time he felt very awkward amidst the unfamiliar sounds of the polite London talk, and the more fashionable apparel of the London people, but George Moore's nature, being, above all things, a very genuine one, he did not allow these matters to trouble him for long.

On the day after his arrival—Good Friday—he went to Chelsea to see a wrestling-match, and having himself had much practice in this kind of athletic exercise, he was induced to have a bout, and greatly astonished both the competitors and the spectators by vanquishing one wrestler after another. He had no lack of friends now, of this particular kind, and they would fain have had him match himself to wrestle with other champions another day, but George thought of the dangers of such companionship, and had the moral courage to decline all their temptations. This was not the kind of thing he had come to London for; he had come to make his way in the world, not to waste his time in useless sports.

He got settled in a lodging with “a motherly body from the north,” in the neighbourhood of Wood Street, and day after day he went out to seek employment, calling at as many as thirty drapers' shops in the course of a single day; but luck was once more against him, and he began to despair. At length he came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake, and, with sad thoughts of home and all he had left behind him in far-off Cumberland, he made

up his mind to book himself for America, before his rapidly diminishing funds were completely exhausted.

But, just in the nick of time, a Cumberland man—Mr. Ray, of the firm of Flint, Ray and Co., of Grafton House, Soho Square—came to hear of him and sent for him. “He knew about my father’s family,” says Mr. Moore, “and wished to befriend me. I went at once to see him, and he engaged me, more from pity than from any likelihood of mine to shine in his service. My salary was to be £30 a year ; and I joyfully accepted his offer.”

At first, his experiences in his new place were somewhat rough ; yet he never complained, but gallantly bore his burden, acquiring knowledge day by day, and rubbing off by degrees many of his north-country angularities. He put himself to a night-school, and added greatly to his store of information by diligent attention to his studies.

Dr. Smiles mentions an incident that occurred after George had been about six months in his new place, which it will be best to tell in his own words. “One day he (Mr. Moore) observed a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse, accompanied by her mother. ‘Who are they?’ he asked of one of those standing near. ‘Why, don’t you know?’ said he ; ‘that’s the gov’ner’s wife and daughter!’ ‘Well,’ said George, ‘if ever I marry, that girl shall be my wife!’ It was a wild and ridiculous speech. ‘What ! marry your master’s daughter ? You must be mad to talk of

such a thing.' The report went round. The other lads laughed at George as another Dick Whittington. Yet it was no wild nor improbable speech. It was the foreshadowing of his fate. The idea took possession of his mind. It was his motive power in after life. It restrained and purified him. He became more industrious, diligent, and persevering. After many years' hard work the dream of his youth was fulfilled, and the girl *did* become his wife."

George was not long before he grew tired of serving behind a counter. He felt himself fitted for something better, and began to look out for an opportunity of improving himself. Presently, it turned out that Messrs. Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, a well-known lace house in Watling Street, were in want of a young man, and Mr. Ray got George the situation, at £40 a year. This was at the beginning of 1826.

Things did not run smoother with him for a while than they had done before. To his new masters his country breeding seemed a strong objection. The senior partner used frequently to tell him that he had had many a stupid blockhead from Cumberland, but that George was the greatest of them all. Still, the Cumberland lad stuck nobly to his work, and studied hard; thus, little by little, he succeeded in conquering Mr. Fisher's prejudices, and eventually had the satisfaction of finding that instead of being ridiculed and laughed at, the people about him began to compliment him upon his smartness and willingness. His

employers noticed him more, and, after about a year's service, they offered him the position of town traveller, which he readily accepted.

This was the turning-point of his career. It was the very occupation for which he was best adapted. His success as a traveller was not only a surprise to his friends, but to himself. Mr. Crampton says, "He distanced all competitors, and sold more goods than any traveller had done before." For eighteen months he continued his town travelling, and, at the end of that time, his employers were so pleased with him that they decided to send him into the country, and the Liverpool and Manchester circuit was allotted to him.

In the provinces he distinguished himself still more. He was only twenty-one, yet he showed the tact and wisdom of a man of forty, while in point of activity he excelled all competitors. He kept himself busy early and late, and in a very short time worked his circuit up to be one of the most successful in the whole scope of his firm's operations. In the commercial travellers' world he became famous; they called him the "Napoleon of Watling Street"; and Messrs. Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson confessed that they had never had such a traveller before.

After he had worked up the Liverpool and Manchester business, the firm sent him to Ireland to try to improve the orders in that quarter. He was no less successful there than he had been in Lancashire. He did so much business in the Sister Isle

that his rivals in trade became very jealous of him. The chief of these rivals was Mr. Groucock, of the firm of Groucock and Copestake, of Cheapside, London. Before the appearance of Mr. Moore upon the scene, Groucock had had the pick of the trade in Ireland, but Mr. Moore seemed to get in advance of him at every point, until at last Groucock tried to win him over to his side by offering him £500 a year to travel for the firm of Groucock and Copestake. Mr. Moore's answer was, "I will be servant for no other house than Fisher's. The only condition on which I will leave is a partnership." George Moore was at that time receiving £150 a year—a very small salary considering the amount of profit he was making for the firm. Groucock felt that, cost what it might, Moore's co-operation must be secured, so the negotiations ended in the Cumberland lad being taken into partnership. This was in June, 1830, when George Moore was twenty-three years of age. The firm of Groucock and Copestake now became known as that of Groucock, Copestake, and Moore.

CHAPTER III.

PARTNERSHIP.

AT No. 62, Friday Street, in the City of London, George Moore had his first experience as a master—an employer of labour. But he resolved that his posi-

tion should not be one of empty honour. His partners might work their hardest, his servants might perform their tasks with undeviating fidelity, but he would excel them all in the ardour of his service and the vigour of his exertions. This he resolved, and this he did. He placed £670 in the firm, the sum being obtained by a loan of £500 from his father (which the old man mortgaged his property to raise), and George's own savings, including a legacy and interest from his great-uncle. Both Mr. Groucock and Mr. Moore went out travelling, Mr. Copestake remaining in London to superintend operations at headquarters.

Moore's efforts in the direction of opening up new business connections were now prosecuted with greater energy than ever, and his returns soon began to tell a tale when the time for balancing accounts came round. He was here, there, and everywhere, rushing from town to town with amazing rapidity, and doing business at a speed that no other traveller equalled; but, amidst all this high-pressure, he always found time to give his friends and customers a cheerful word, and was greatly liked wherever he went. "George Moore's name was a household word all over the country," writes Mr. Crampton; "his friends used to keep their christenings and festive days till he came round; and he had godchildren enough to found a colony."

After three years' partnership, he was made equal partner with Groucock and Copestake. Up to that time his share of the profits had been one fourth

only. How diligently the junior partner laboured may be gathered from his own words. He says:—"I laboured day and night. Our business increased every year. It was my duty to initiate the new travellers and drill them into their work, and to open out to them fresh journeys. In the course of my peregrinations I visited every market-town in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with very few exceptions. I also visited the Nottingham market, where we had to thank the manufacturers for their always unbounded confidence. Groucock and I also travelled through most of the towns of Belgium and France to buy lace, and to open out operations for the future. Independently of this, I worked my own journey—Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin—single-handed. For twelve years I never missed, excepting once, starting for Ireland, on the first Monday of every month."

In the course of his journeyings to-and-fro, Mr. Moore met with many adventures, and occasionally had some very narrow escapes. It is related, that on one occasion, while taking a short cut in his own two-horse conveyance across the sands from Cartmel to Lancaster, before he was half-way over, to his horror, he saw the tide advancing. The water gained upon him, until the horses were over the knees in it, and destruction seemed certain. At last, however, a man on horseback shouted to him through the haze, warning him to change his course, and Moore flogged

his horses, which by this time were swimming, to the place of safety indicated by the horseman, and the traveller's life was saved.

The first ten years of his partnership were years of hard, constant, unremitting, yet cheerful toil, and still through all George Moore kept before his vision one little bit of romance—one day-dream that he hoped would in course of time become a happy reality. He had not forgotten the vow he made when in the service of Messrs. Flint, Ray and Co., that if ever he married, Mr. Ray's daughter would have to be his wife. The shopmen at Grafton House had doubtless forgotten all about it long before, and the probability is, that the object of this long-concealed passion was unaware of the feeling she had inspired in the merchant-traveller's heart. While his position was one of uncertainty he would be the last to breathe a word of his love, but now that the capital of the firm of Groucock, Copestake and Moore amounted to some thousands of pounds, and they had fair prospects of prosperity, the condition of things was changed; so he made up his mind to speak to Miss Ray on the subject. This was in 1835. He had all along kept up an intimacy with the young lady's father, and, when in town, was a frequent visitor at his house. The opportunity of speaking to Miss Ray arrived. He told her the secret of his heart; he listened anxiously for her reply; it was unfavourable. That he felt this refusal deeply there can be no doubt;

still, he bore himself bravely under the trial, and, while devoting his best energies to his business, never once gave up the hope of one day being able to win her heart. His visits to Mr. Ray's house were not given up, and though he did not recur to the subject again for five long years, he watched her as she grew in grace and beauty, and did not allow himself to give way to despair. He says, "he served for her with an aching heart longer than Jacob served for Rachel," and, in the end, after an acquaintance extending over fifteen years, he proposed to her a second time, and to his joy and delight, was accepted. They were married on the 12th of August, 1840, and seldom did a union of two lives bring greater happiness.

Even marriage did not wean him to any great extent from his business. His heart was always at home, but his active brain was for ever at his work. A week sufficed for his honeymoon, and, after that, he went his rounds as usual. It was his boast that for twelve years he had worked sixteen hours a day.

He was urged, after a time, to do less travelling, and remain more at the firm's place of business in London, and in 1841 he consented to act upon this advice, for they had now thirteen travellers employed—ten in the country, and three in town. The change, however, from an active life in the country to a life of semi-confinement in town, seemed to affect his health. He consulted the doctor, and was told that he was suffering from the "City disease." Hunting was

recommended to him, and he tried it, his first run with the hounds being at Chipping Ongar. "Moore's first jump," says his biographer, "was over a rotten bank fence. The horse, not getting sufficiently forward, tumbled back into a stagnant ditch, with Moore under. After great difficulty, man and horse at length got out, the rider covered with mud, and his white cords blackened. But his pluck was up, and he determined to go straight; he remounted, and set the horse again at the fence. He got over, and went on at a gallop. He had some difficulty in sticking on. The horse did not care for jumping. When he came to a hedge, he preferred rushing through it to jumping over it. But there were ditches and walls that *must* be jumped. On such occasions Moore usually went over the horse's head, and picked himself together on the other side. He mounted again and pushed on, nothing daunted. If others could follow the hounds, why should not he? Whenever a jump was to be taken, he would try it. Over he went. Another tumble! No matter. After a desperate run, he got seven tumbles. Sometimes he was down; sometimes the horse was down: and sometimes both were down together."

In course of time, however, Mr. Moore mastered the art of horsemanship sufficiently to be able to take real pleasure in hunting, and he became a prominent figure at some of the meets.

CHAPTER IV.

APART FROM BUSINESS.

GEORGE MOORE'S first season in the hunting-field did not, owing to the circumstances referred to, afford that relief to his overtaxed energies which had been hoped for; so his doctor advised him to undertake a sea voyage. At first, Moore did not like the idea of absenting himself for such a long period from his business as would be involved in a trip of this kind, but when it was seen that by going to America he would be able to combine business with pleasure, he consented to go. He announced his intention to his wife one night, and next morning was off on his journey. He sailed on the 17th of August, 1844, by the *Great Western*, from Liverpool, and after an uneventful voyage, landed in New York on the 31st of the same month. Mr. Moore was absent three months, during which time he visited many of the principal cities of the American continent, making friends wherever he went, and opening up many business connections which proved of advantage to his firm. He does not seem to have met with any particular adventures while in the States, and he came away bearing with him a very favourable impression of the American people. His recorded opinion was as follows:—"During my visit to

America, I have met with the most open, frank, and communicative people that I ever came in contact with ; and I frequently had occasion to blush for my own ignorance both about Europe and America. To use a common expression, the Americans are a wide-awake people. Their schools, their cheap publications, their thirst for knowledge, and their naturally quick perceptions, place them above the usual level of society. America must rise, and that it will become a great country is my earnest wish and belief."

Mr. Moore was quite restored to health by his voyage across the Atlantic ; and above and beyond that, he returned with new ideas for the development of his business. One of these new notions resulted in the establishment of a lace factory in Nottingham, in the carrying on of which some four hundred work-people, mostly women, were employed. This new enterprise engaged his attention for a time, and provided him with an outlet for his surplus energy. But he soon found that he was still far from being fully occupied. It was impossible for him to remain idle. He must be active, whether it was in business or in pleasure, and now that he had abandoned the rôle of the commercial traveller he felt that he could not, without some loss of dignity, resume it. The question was, what was he to do ? During the winter he could hunt two days a week, and devote the remaining four days to business ; but in the summer what was he to do ? After much reflection, he

decided to allow his passion for work to have scope in undertakings apart from his business, and, with this view he, first of all, accepted the position of director of a life assurance society. After that, he took the Cumberland Benevolent Society in hand, and by his generous example and influence did much to restore to a flourishing condition an institution which had fallen much into decay. The Commercial Travellers' Schools also fell in for a good share of his attention. "I made the institution a part of my business," he writes. "I canvassed the various business houses in London for funds. I travelled to Bristol, Manchester and Liverpool to summon meetings of the commercial men, and appeal to them in favour of the charity." He enlisted the co-operation of many men of eminence in this charity, and on two occasions prevailed upon Charles Dickens to act as chairman at the anniversary dinner. Lord Lytton, Mr. Thackeray, and the Duke of Cambridge at different times filled this post, thanks to the influence of Mr. Moore. When the schools were ultimately built, at a cost of about £25,000, the main portion of which had been obtained through Mr. Moore's exertions, he felt that he had done well, and in his heart of hearts he was grateful that such a splendid result had been realised.

Politics engaged a certain amount of Mr. Moore's attention, but he could never bring himself to the position of a violent partisan. He was a Liberal, but only one of the "moderate" order. On the

question of Free Trade he was strong and decided, and Mr. Cobden had his earnest support.

In 1853 Mr. Groucock died, and the event made a deep impression upon Mr. Moore's mind. About this time he began to think much upon religious matters, his philanthropic work having brought him into close contact with many of the most eminent divines. He established family worship every morning at the warehouse, and engaged the Rev. Mr. Richardson, who was at that time a curate at St. Andrew's, Blackfriars Road, to conduct the morning prayers, at a salary of fifty guineas a year. The project was successful, and after a while a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society was started, also a Sunday morning Bible-class.

He was now on the point of taking up his residence at a new house which he had bought in Kensington Palace Gardens, the fitting-up and furnishing whereof had occupied much of his attention. His wife was taken ill, and when she came to live in the splendid rooms of the new mansion, she was not well enough to enjoy them. He had also purchased the Whitehall Estate in Cumberland, near to his birthplace, and was looking forward to the happiness of taking his wife there that they might occupy it together as their summer residence. But Mrs. Moore grew gradually worse, and, on the 4th December, 1858, she died, being afterwards buried in a private mausoleum in Allhallows Church, on his Cumberland estate, which he had had prepared for her.

A fortnight afterwards he wrote in his diary: "I feel that God's grace is giving me more power daily to sustain my drooping spirits. I do not wish to refrain from sorrow, or hide realities from myself. I do not wish tribulation to work insensibility, but I want patience—not forgetfulness, but experience—not unconcern, but hope."

His doctor prescribed change of scene, and he went to Italy, accompanied by Alderman Sidney and young Mr. Copestake. The change was beneficial. They visited Rome, Naples, and other cities, and after an absence of three months, Mr. Moore returned to London, greatly improved in health.

On reaching home he found two letters and a telegram awaiting him, asking him to stand for Nottingham. His reply was: "I decline standing for Nottingham, though I am almost certain of being returned. My objections are: 1. That my education is not equal to the position; and I have a great dislike to public speaking. 2. That I can do much more good in other directions than by representing Nottingham in Parliament. 3. That it would keep me more and more from serving God and reading my Bible."

The British Home for Incurables was the next philanthropic movement with which he allied himself, and on behalf of the Royal Free Hospital he exerted himself with powerful effect. He collected many thousands of pounds for the latter institution, and to this and other charities gave most liberally of

his own means. The Warehousemen's and Clerks' School, an institution which was started by his firm, also received a large share of his attention. He never wearied of his good work. Dr. Smiles says :— "He went from one meeting to another ; from an orphan charity - school to an hospital ; from a Bible society meeting to a ragged-school tea ; from a young men's Christian association to a working man's institute." He paid personal visits to poor districts, and did much to improve their condition, helping those in distress both with money and good counsel.

In the working of the Diocesan Home Mission, established in 1857, Mr. Moore took a deep interest. One of the objects of the Mission was to get at the people of the poorer districts of the metropolis by "open-air preaching in summer, and theatre preaching in winter." Mr. Moore was an ardent supporter of the movement, and attended many of the services, often taking the chair, and giving out the hymns. Indeed, in all works of practical charity and religion, he was thenceforward a leading spirit, associating himself with men of all religions, and becoming the personal friend of the most eminent ministers and clergymen of the day. He was a churchman, but no bigot. "I have really little choice," he once said, "between the Church of England and the Dissenting bodies. But as I have been brought up a Churchman, I stick to it. As long as men preach Christ I am with them, heart and hand."

CHAPTER V.

IN THE COUNTRY.

GEORGE MOORE'S affection for the country, and especially for the scenes of his early life, was a strong trait in his character. After buying the old Border tower of Whitehall, which was only six miles from Wigton, he made it a place of frequent sojourn in the summer time, and entered into the hopes, aspirations, and trials of the people of his native district with as much sympathy and earnestness as if he had never been absent from them. He had Whitehall rebuilt, and restored to more than its ancient strength and grandeur. The work occupied several years, and afforded employment during that time to large numbers of people.

When he established himself at Whitehall, he soon made his influence felt in the neighbourhood, setting in motion, and giving active support to, many well-considered and highly beneficial charitable movements. He endeavoured to spread amongst the clergy and the wealthy classes of Cumberland something of his own philanthropic zeal, and by force of example, as well as by a constant urging of the claims of the poor, succeeded in putting into operation a good deal of useful work.

The hospitalities of Whitehall were unbounded.

While, on the one hand, he frequently entertained his wealthier friends and neighbours, he quite as frequently, and with much more delight, dispensed his bounty amongst the poor, giving teas to the school-children for miles round. Sometimes he would entertain as many as 1,500 children at once. Another day he would have the farmers at Whitehall, or the Rifle Volunteers. All were welcome. Referring, in his diary—which, by the way, he never neglected to enter up, day by day—to a visit of the Rifle Volunteers, he says, “They came along the road playing a lively tune. They and the farmers, about four hundred in all, got a good hot dinner. I carved for all.”

In Cumberland he resumed his hunting ; his friend, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, being the master of the West Cumberland foxhounds. He also took to shooting, but was no more successful in that sport, to begin with, than he had been in his first exploits in the hunting-field at Chipping Ongar.

All this activity, however, did not remove the feeling of loneliness which cast a gloom over his home life. Wifeless, childless, home was a solitude to him when his friends had gone, despite all its comforts. He had his beautiful mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens, and his extensive Border residence amongst his beloved native hills, but he said, “I feel very lonely, with no one in the house but myself.” One day, while at Whitehall, he made the following entry in his diary : “All this afternoon and evening I have

had time to think. When shall my solitary state be changed?" It was then that he began to think seriously upon the subject of a second marriage, a step which his most intimate friends had long been advising him to take. He at length met with one who inspired in him a feeling of strong affection, and he asked her to be his wife. At first the proposed alliance was declined, but, having once made up his mind that it was the proper thing to do, Mr. Moore persisted in his suit to the lady, and she finally consented to become his wife. On the 28th November, 1861, George Moore, and Agnes, second daughter of the late Richard Breeks, of Warcop, in Westmoreland, were married at St. Pancras Church, and, after a tour through France and Italy, they established themselves happily in their London and Cumberland homes, and the generous, noble heart of George Moore had never again to confess to a sense of loneliness.

When in Cumberland he mixed with the farmers and cottagers, and whenever he saw anything going wrong amongst them he did his best to set it right. Moreover, he encouraged them to take a greater pride in their homes and gardens, and offered prizes for the best kept garden, for the best roses, the best pinks, the best cabbages, the best cauliflowers, and so on; and, after all these various prize distributions, the competitors were always entertained by him. "The great day," he writes in his diary, under date of the 14th September, 1865. "All the cottage gardeners

and their wives, all the farmers and their wives, with others, eighty in all, dined at Whitehall." Another time he says: "Had our old women's tea-feast—the happiest day my wife and I spend in Cumberland." Occasionally, he would insist upon giving his servants a treat. He sent them all to Keswick one day, along with the schoolmaster and his mother, and while they were away on their day's pleasure, "George Moore and the Rev. H. Harris taught the children in the school, and Mrs. Moore and the visitors cooked the dinner." He says: "I taught the children all day, and my wife and Louisa Groucock cooked the dinner, and some one else made the beds, and we all were tired to death at night. I shouldn't care for it often ; but I do rejoice in giving pleasure to others."

CHAPTER VI.

WORKS OF CHARITY AND MERCY.

GEORGE MOORE did so much good work in charity, that, like all other men with a reputation for philanthropy, he was often subjected to appeals for help in which the undeserving sought to impose upon him ; parcels of begging letters followed him everywhere ; and he was frequently waited upon by people about whom he knew nothing, who entreated his aid for objects that he had never before heard of. It was not

such an easy matter, however, to deceive him, as those who attempted to do so imagined before writing to or seeking an interview with him. He was, above all, a practical Christian. He had seen much of the world, was a keen observer of character, and knew the ways of deserving poverty ; so, while a genuine case of distress never failed to arouse his sympathy and receive his assistance, he exercised wisdom and discrimination in his giving, and was not often deceived. When he was sure of his ground, and saw the necessity for charitable effort, he spared neither himself nor his purse ; and in carrying forward the good work connected with the various institutions in which he took a direct interest, he felt that he was entirely free from the operations of imposition.

Mr. Moore did more for the orphan children of London probably than any other single individual. We have seen how he had helped the schools for the orphans of commercial travellers, warehousemen, and clerks, when those institutions were first started. He not only kept up his contributions to the funds of these schools, and took an active and responsible part in their management, but he made himself familiar with other schemes for the housing and education of orphans, and for many years gave liberally of his time and money in aid of such charities.

During the years 1865 and 1866 we read of him taking up the cause of the Little Boys' Home and the Field Lane Ragged Schools. In getting money for

the Boys' Home he used extraordinary exertions. He gave £200 towards building the Home (which is at Farningham, in Kent), and further assistance was to follow in the shape of a contribution of £1,000 from his wife in 1870, and a donation of £3,000 was left to the institution by his will. In making an appeal for the Home to his friends, he wrote :—" There are ten family Homes at Farningham, with their groups of thirty boys in each, making 300 in all. Besides the home training which is given them, they are educated by efficient teachers, and trained to industrial work by which they may earn an honest livelihood. I wish you to understand that we take in children who are not eligible for any other institution. They are too young for any of the refuges, and too destitute for any of the orphan asylums. We want about £2,000 a year to carry on our work, besides our present subscriptions." This kind of appeal seldom failed to bring its good return. It was sufficient to many that George Moore was connected with the charity. His name gave the stamp of right to it, and his example brought forth subscriptions that others might have applied for in vain. Mrs. Moore's donation provided one of the houses, to which the title of " The George Moore Lodge " was given.

In 1866 Mr. Moore accepted the treasurership of the Field Lane Ragged Schools, starting a list of new subscribers, which he headed with an annual sum of £100. During the new treasurer's first year of office

"1,800 respectable young women took refuge in the institution," over 800 of whom either found employment or were restored to their friends. The usefulness of these schools may be further gathered from the statement subsequently made by Mr. Moore, that there were "five free schools, in which 1,200 boys and girls were educated without charge, and through which, since their opening, 20,000 children had passed, of whom 4,000 had been placed in situations, thereby gaining their own living." It took a great deal of money and constant effort to keep these schools in efficient working order. In 1870 they were £2,000 in debt, and Mr. Moore took the matter up with his usual energy, spent many days in going round amongst his friends, asking for subscriptions, and at the annual meeting in May, he was in a position to announce that the whole debt had been cleared off, and that they had obtained from four to five hundred new subscribers.

It must not be imagined that he neglected his business all this time. No ; he was the most methodical of men, and much as he devoted himself to deeds of charity, he never lost sight of the house in the City where the money was made which enabled him to indulge in such princely benefactions. While in Cumberland he gave himself up to some extent to the pleasures of a country life, but in London he divided his time between business and charity. His presence at the warehouse was an event that all acknowledged. Dr. Smiles writes:—"The word 'George Moore has

arrived!' passed like magic from mouth to mouth. It found every man at his post, from the smallest errand-boy to the oldest in the firm, at 'attention!' When George Moore was in the house, he was a sort of paternal despot. His influence was great over all who came in contact with him. His will was never disputed; and he never abused his power."

An old servant of the firm says:—"George Moore was the most particular man in small things that I ever saw, and no doubt this was a great cause of his success. Few men could find out a flaw in the accounts, which he audited, quicker than he did. He was very apt at figures, and his decision, like his movements, was quick and correct. I may mention an instance. I was engaged in making out the private accounts against the firm—George Moore's account amongst the rest. To show how strict and business-like this merchant-prince was—and it marked his character all through—he found that I had debited his account with 3d. for a 'bus to Euston, for which we had no voucher. We had to keep a voucher for every penny paid out; and though hundreds of such items occurred throughout the year, we had no voucher for this. Mr. Moore audited the accounts, and though he went over hundreds of pounds, he stopped at the threepence for the 'bus to Euston. 'Where's the voucher for this?' he asked. 'If the account be threepence wrong, it might as well be three hundred pounds wrong. Find the voucher!' We hunted together—

two of us—for three days, without effect. We searched through every letter and voucher for a year back. Every drawer was ransacked; and still no success. The search was at last given up as hopeless. Mr. Moore was told that the voucher for threepence could not be found. He was furious; he refused to pass the accounts, and we couldn't balance. I then recollected a circumstance which had occurred some time before. Mr. Moore had sent to Bow Churchyard for a fish, which he requested to be forwarded to Euston Station by a porter. Mr. Moore was in a hurry; he was going down to Whitehall. He hadn't time to give the porter either a ticket or the money; but promised to send it on his return. The man neglected to ask him for it; and the clerks knowing the expenditure to be right, had debited it to him without a voucher, thus infringing one of the strictest rules of the firm. On the circumstance being mentioned to him, he at once admitted its correctness, but at the same time he gave the clerks a sound lecture for their inaccuracy."

In the work of church building, George Moore was prompted to take a very useful part, at the time when the Bishop of London was engaged in establishing a fund for that purpose. It was at Mr. Moore's house that the Bishop delivered his very remarkable statement—which was much talked about at the time—on the terrible wretchedness in which the inhabitants of some of the poorer districts of London lived. "Not one person in a thousand attends a place of worship,"

said his lordship, speaking of one district. "Of the 228 shops in the district, 212 are open on Sunday, though about 70 are closed on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. Not half the Gentile population can read ; half the women cannot ply a needle. . . . Nine families out of ten have but one small room in which to live, eat, and sleep. Not one family in six possesses a blanket, or a change of clothing. Not one in four has any bedding beyond some sacking, which contains a little flock or chopped straw. Not one in twenty has a clock ; not one in ten has a book. Many of the houses are in the most wretched condition of filth and dirt.

"The walls, ceilings, floors, and staircases are broken and rotten. Drunkenness, brawling, blaspheming, and other sins, are fearfully prevalent. Forty-three lodging-houses accommodate two thousand lodgers, who pay from threepence to sixpence a night. Some are occupied by poor, hard-working people, gaining an honest livelihood, while others are called 'thieves' kitchens,' the lodgers living by theft, burglary, and other criminal practices."

George Moore was deeply moved by this sad picture of London life, and at once resolved that he would erect a church in this forlorn and miserable locality. "Find me a site, and I will find the money," he said to the Bishop. Thus it was that the church in Chalton Street, Somers Town, came to be built. Lord Somers gave a freehold site, and Mr. Moore spent

£15,000 on the buildings, and gave £250 a year to carry on the parish work. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners granted an endowment of £300 a year for the vicar. Mrs. Moore presented the pulpit, Mr. Copestake, jun., the organ, and Mr. George Stockdale the font. The church was consecrated on the 23rd December, 1868, and constitutes a lasting monument to the memory of a good man. At the consecration service, the Bishop of London (then the Archbishop of Canterbury-elect) made special allusion to Mr. Moore.

"Here we see a man," he said, "whom God has blessed with wealth, and whom He has raised to a great post through the influence of commerce, recognising the responsibilities that lie upon him, and looking out, not for a place in which he is personally interested, but for a place which has no particular claim upon him except its poverty and destitution."

The high esteem in which George Moore was held in the City of London was strongly manifested on several occasions when it was sought to do him particular honour. At two or three separate times he was asked to allow himself to be nominated a Parliamentary candidate, with the certainty of being returned, but he always steadfastly declined to give up his charitable work for the sake of holding a position for which he did not think himself qualified by education or ability. In 1868 he was asked to contest Mid-Surrey along with Sir Julian Gold-

smid, but he could not be prevailed upon to come forward.

The year before, he had been appointed Justice of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, at the suggestion of Lord Salisbury. Shortly afterwards he was elected Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, one of the most ancient of the City Guilds. While serving in this capacity he made himself acquainted with all the concerns of the Company, visited their various properties, and diverted a considerable portion of their income to charitable purposes. Then he interested himself greatly in Christ's Hospital, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about many much-needed reforms in the management of that public school.

He declined in 1870 to come forward as a candidate for the London School Board, though earnestly entreated by his friends to do so. Indeed, George Moore's life was so evenly divided between business and charity, and in these two spheres he found himself so much at home, that he would not risk the entrance upon any fresh plans of life that would be likely to divert him from his old course.

CHAPTER VII.

HUNGRY PARIS.

AT the time of the war between France and Germany, when Paris was besieged, and the inhabitants of the gay city were driven to the last straits of hunger and

desperation, the news of all this suffering and destitution filled Mr. Moore's heart with the deepest sorrow. He longed for the opportunity of administering to the wants of the starving people, but, alas! there was no chance of showing his charity and his sympathy in any practical way. The Germans were round the walls of Paris, and nothing could be sent either in or out of the doomed city. Mr. Moore's firm had had no word from the managers of their Paris house for months. "We do not know whether our people are dead or alive," wrote Mr. Moore, who expressed himself sick at heart at the carnage and death which the war was causing. As he read the accounts, despatched in balloons—the only means the Parisians had of communicating with the outside world—of the misery and wretchedness of their plight, and their struggles for the preservation of order amongst them, the heart of the merchant-prince was greatly moved, and if there had been any possibility of overcoming the difficulty by an offer of money, Mr. Moore would have raised any amount, however great, for such a purpose. But it was not to be; the Germans would not relax their hold upon the beautiful city, until France had been brought to her knees and begged for mercy. All through the winter months of 1870, the men, women, and children of Paris were in a condition of starvation, and the poor people had to wait for hours, shivering in the cold, for the scanty morsel of food which the authorities did their utmost

to provide. Then it was that the pleasure-loving, dainty Parisians were so harassed by want, that they were glad to appease the cravings of hunger by accepting as food, dogs, cats, rats, mice, and almost anything that they could get hold of, clean or unclean. No wonder that the death-rate increased to a fearful pitch, and that, at last, driven to the very depths of despair, they notified to the Germans their willingness to surrender.

Now was the time for George Moore to throw himself heart and soul into the work of providing relief for the distressed people of Paris; now there was no barrier to keep him back, no fear of the Germans to restrain him; the gates of Paris were thrown open to all charitable effort, and a fund of £120,000 was raised, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London, and George Moore, as one of the most active members of the Mansion House committee, went over to Paris to distribute the relief. He writes: "The Lord Mayor and many others made me promise to go over to Paris. I started at a quarter to 8 a.m. amidst a very severe frost, with snow upon the ground."

Seventy tons of food, and £5,000 in money, accompanied the relief party, which consisted of Mr. Moore and his clerk, Colonel Wortley, and a French lady whose husband had been kept in Paris during the siege.

They were the first to carry to Dieppe the news of the siege of Paris having been raised. They arrived at

that port from Newhaven before the information had been received there from the capital. So they found everything in confusion ; all kinds of hindrances to their passing forward presented themselves. The Germans held possession of the town, and were little disposed to render Mr. Moore and his friends assistance, until something more authoritative was heard from their own leaders. This was a sad disappointment to the English party. Mr. Moore was in a fearful state of anxiety all this time, and left no stone unturned to get permission to proceed. The troops were holding the railway station, and no train was allowed to leave without the orders of the commander. At length Mr. Moore succeeded in meeting with the directors of the railway, and arrangements were made for a train to start the next night. The delay was disheartening, but unavoidable. It was eleven o'clock the following evening, when, "amidst a terrible scuffle," they made a start from Dieppe, still hoping to be the first to reach Paris. "I think I should have died had I not been first in Paris," said Mr. Moore.

Dr. Smiles—whose admirable biography constitutes our guide through this interesting chapter of George Moore's history—thus describes the arrival of the English relief party in Paris : "The station of the Northern Railway was deserted. Not a porter was to be seen. The station was in total darkness, although the moonlight made the huge balloons standing in the square of the station look quite ghost-like. The streets

were empty. The city seemed to be deserted. The party walked on for about three miles to the Boulevard Malesherbes. The lady who had accompanied them from London to ascertain the fate of her husband, found that he had left that morning for London in search of her!"

The scenes that presented themselves the next morning, when, at an early hour, Mr. Moore and his friends went out into the streets, were of the most heartrending description. Signs of misery and want met them at every step; the well-known resorts of pleasure were deserted, and the thoroughfares which in happier times had been thronged with people of fashion, were strewn with the evidences of war, and made wretched by the gathering here and there of groups of famished citizens.

It was impossible, however, to begin the distribution of food without first making arrangements with the local authorities to secure a just and systematic doling out of the relief. The commissioners saw M. Jules Ferry at the Hotel de Ville, and it was agreed that "the food should be supplied to twenty *arrondissements* in proportion to their population." George Moore placed his firm's warehouse in the Place des Petits Pères at the disposal of the committee as a central dépôt.

It was two days before they could complete their arrangements for administering the relief, and in the meantime the people were clamouring for food in

a manner that filled George Moore's heart with pity and compassion. He was greatly annoyed with the authorities for what he considered their unnecessary delay in the matter. "I felt as if the lives of thousands depended upon our efforts," he says. It was not until he saw General Vinoy at the head of a number of artillery horses employed to convey the stores down to the warehouse in the Place des Petits Pères that he felt happy.

At last they were ready for the distribution of the food. Great crowds of people gathered in front of the warehouse. "Never," says George Moore, "did I see such an assembly of hollow, lean, hungry faces—such a shrunk, famine-stricken, diseased-looking crowd. They were very quiet. They seemed utterly crushed and hopeless. It is now ten days since the armistice began, and yet there is no food in Paris except what we have brought. There is still the black bread, made of hay and straw and twenty-five per cent. of the coarsest flour. Well may the poor creatures look pale! We went about the markets. There was positively nothing to see, except a few dead dogs and cats—no flour, no vegetables. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of old people, little children, and ladies have died of hunger. The sufferings of the little ones will never be forgotten. For four months there was no milk—no fat except at fabulous prices—no fuel, no light. Indeed, they have died in vast numbers. Paris has been surrendered because of the hunger of

the whole city. The words of Nahum seem to be fulfilled : 'She is empty, and void, and waste ; and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and much pain in the loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness.' There is no fuel for fires in Paris, only here and there a little damp wood can be found, and is burnt. We have telegraphed urgently for fuel ; Wortley and I suffer very much from the cold."

"One evening," says Dr. Smiles, "after the daily distribution had been made, and the warehouse was closed, George Moore went to look after the arrangements for the following day. He found a long *queue* waiting at the warehouse door. He went in and asked, 'if the poor people had not got their food?' 'Yes! Those at the door are waiting for the distribution to-morrow morning!' He at once had the doors opened, and a distribution was made to all who were present. They were mostly women—some of them ladies with veils—boys for sick parents, and old, haggard people, ghastly with hunger."

They gave out the food in no half-hearted way. Each person got a good ration, enough to last a family of five or six for a week ; cheese, milk, bacon, coffee, essence of meat, biscuit, salt, rice, sugar, and preserved meat. "We go about," wrote Mr. Moore, "from early morning till twelve at night." They kept the distribution chiefly in their own hands, the action of some of the authorities not being in all cases what could have been desired. In addition to the giving out of food

at separate places in the twenty districts over which the relief was spread, they sent to the Archbishop of Paris, and the clergy and ministers generally, quantities of food for distribution by the Sisters of Mercy and other ladies among the better class. "We find," says Mr. Moore, "the small shopkeepers, clerks, and such like, are those who have really suffered the most—*les pauvres honteux*, who are ashamed to beg. We have arranged a special place for them, at 2, Rue de la Bienfaisance."

After a time, the English commissioners succeeded in procuring the active co-operation of many of the leading citizens. The Archbishop of Paris accepted the position of chairman of the committee appointed to carry on the work of distribution after the English commissioners should have left.

On the 12th of February he wrote:—"The crowds at the warehouse increase. This we keep exclusively for women. There is a *queue* of ten or fifteen thousand waiting there to-day; they have waited all through last night. I felt heartsick when I saw them. It was one of the wildest nights of sleet and fearful wind; and, starved and exhausted and drenched as they were, it was a sight to make a strong man weep. We are straining ourselves and all about us to the utmost. I believe we were just in time; a few days more, and the people would have been too far gone; many were hardly able to walk away with their parcels. After waiting with wonderful patience, when

they got the food many of them fairly broke down from over-joy. I have seen more tears shed by men and women than I hope I shall ever see again."

The Bon Marché was one of the cheap depôts. Here it was a common thing to see ten thousand people waiting all through the night for the distribution next morning. "The *queue* extended, four or five deep, for more than half a mile," and people were to be seen lying in rows wrapped in blankets. The *Times* correspondent describes the scene as it presented itself to him one midnight. He asked a woman when she expected to arrive at the door of the warehouse where she would receive her portion. "The day after to-morrow morning," she replied. "What! are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the street?" "Why not?" she said, "all the others do it." At the head of the column he found those who were the first on the turn to be served. "How long have you been here?" he asked of a young woman in black. "Since nine o'clock yesterday morning," she replied—a period of thirty-nine hours!

The starving city now began to show signs of an improved condition; the hearts of the people grew lighter as they ceased to live in uncertainty of food: and George Moore felt that the good work upon which he and his friends were engaged was at last beginning to bear fruit. About £60,000 worth of food had been got into the city. The gratitude of the people was unbounded. Still the crowds gathered

night and day round the depôts, sometimes blocking the streets to such an extent that the police had to interfere. On the 22nd February, Mr. Moore received an intimation from the authorities that the distribution at his warehouse must be discontinued in consequence of the great crowd that collected there. To meet this, Mr. Moore says, they "put on all steam, and determined to keep open all night as well as during the following day. All the streets round the warehouse were blocked with people. The food was all ready for distribution. We calculated that we ran a party through in half a minute! The French people were astonished at our energy. They cheered me. I remained till one at night, and left them in full swing."

Up to eight o'clock on the night of the 23rd, when the warehouse was closed, they had distributed food to 96,500 persons.

Much exhausted by his charitable labours, Mr. Moore left Paris, accompanied by the other English commissioners, on the 28th of February. After his arrival in London, he wrote in his diary, "I cannot recover from my weariness. I dream all night about Paris, and cannot get sound rest. During the daytime I suffer much from aching bones."

Shortly afterwards followed the dreadful reign of the Commune, when Paris was given over to fire and bloodshed by the desperate acts of its own citizens. As soon as order was restored by the suppression of

the Commune, and the army again got possession of the city, George Moore found it necessary to return to Paris. In the first place, he was anxious for the safety of their Paris warehouse; in the next place, there was the remaining portion of the Mansion House Fund to distribute.

The scenes that were witnessed by Mr. Moore on this second visit were even more frightful than those during his previous stay. "The second siege of Paris," wrote Mr. Moore, "has been much more lamentable than the first. The devastation of private house-property is double or treble more than I expected. The week's fighting has destroyed hundreds of houses in the outskirts. It is really melancholy to see the ruin that has been brought upon innocent people. Colonel Stuart Wortley and I are perplexed how to dispense over £25,000 from the Mansion House Committee. We must dole it out in small amounts, as we have found out so many channels for it. The charitable institutions which abound here are drained dry, as the Government has not been able to give them anything since the commencement of the first siege, and private subscriptions have been almost *nil*. It is sad to visit Orphan Asylums, Convalescent, Deaf and Dumb Homes for old men and women, hospitals of all kinds, and many other establishments, all pining for funds. The cruelty and wickedness of the Commune towards them have been villainous. They would have destroyed most of

them if they had been left two or three days longer." They gave the inmates of a certain institution for women ten minutes' notice to quit, and then set fire to the building, which contained 150 inmates ; and there are many other cases of cruelty.

Mr. Moore remained in Paris until the whole of the relief money was dispensed, after which he returned home, bearing memories of suffering and sorrow with him that were never to be absent from his mind any more, but conscious through all that he had done his duty, and been a means of administering to the needs of his fellow-creatures at a time of unparalleled privation and want.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGHTER SCENES.

THE following year brought him brighter scenes. His highly honourable career had made its mark upon the time in many ways, and in his native county they were as proud of him as the people of London were. It was not a matter for surprise, therefore, that in 1872 he was nominated for the position of High Sheriff of Cumberland.

But, much as he loved Cumberland, and many as the opportunities were for doing good amongst his native hills and dales, there was still greater scope for the exercise of his practical philanthropy in the metro-

polis. Country poverty is wealth compared with the wretchedness of poverty in the capital. He had to confess to himself that "he did but little good in Cumberland compared with London." Besides, he had got so accustomed to the friendly intercourse which London, and London only, could afford him with the great men of his time—men with whom he was brought into contact by his works of charity—men who delighted as much to honour George Moore as he delighted to honour them—that any prolonged absence saddened him.

In 1873 he was once more requested to offer himself as a candidate for Parliament. This time the application was from the County of Middlesex. Already he had declined to stand for Nottingham, Marylebone, the City of London, the County of Surrey, and the County of Cumberland, and, much as things had changed from the time when the first of these solicitations had been made, there had nothing occurred to change Mr. Moore's feelings on the subject.

How few men of wealth and influence could be found to act like this, when such an honour is sought to be conferred upon them! How few put so modest an estimate upon their own abilities! There can be little doubt that George Moore would have made a more than average Member. With such a clear head as his, with so much goodness of heart, he would have been a power in the House; while in

all matters connected with commerce and charity—which form no small part of the business of the gentlemen of the Commons—he would have been an authority, and anything that he had said on these subjects would have been listened to with respect. True, he was not much gifted with oratorical power, but even in that direction he was more able than he would admit to himself. The majority of the Members of the House of Commons were the inferiors of George Moore in the talents which are most called into play in Parliamentary business, and there were fewer still who could command the general regard which was accorded to the London warehouseman. However, he knew best. It would have been a national loss if, by consenting to accept a seat in the House of Commons, George Moore's energies had been taken away from the region of practical charity, in which he held a position of almost supreme influence.

Amongst the works of benevolence to which Mr. Moore was attracted about this time may be mentioned the London Cabmen's Mission. He gave a supper to 200 cabmen in his house at Kensington Palace Gardens, which was attended by Colonel Henderson, the Marquis of Townshend, the Rev. Daniel Moore, and others. Speeches of an entertaining and instructive kind were delivered by Mr. Moore and the gentlemen mentioned, and as the cabmen took their departure, their host stood at the door and handed each of them a new shilling, and a copy of Bunyan,

and an illustrated almanack. When the London Mission Hall for cabmen was established, a couple of years later, Mr. Moore visited the hall, and showed great interest in the institution. Subsequently, he sent three separate donations to the mission, two of £50 each, and a third of £100. A cabmen's rest in Kensington Road was provided at Mr. Moore's expense.

George Moore's private charities were innumerable. Instances of these are not so easy to get at as his public acts of benevolence. One of the former, however, as supplied to the author of "Self-Help" by one who used to be in George Moore's service, ought not to be omitted from the present record.

"I had been some time suffering from an ailment," wrote the person referred to, "and finally had to undergo a painful operation. Unthinkingly, I omitted to tell Mr. Moore. I left the firm, and took lodgings near the surgeon's house. About a week or so after the operation, and while I was just able to walk, a rap, almost like a policeman's, rang through the house. The door was banged open, and a quick firm step mounted the stairs, almost frightening my good old nurse out of her senses. In stepped George Moore! 'What's happened? What are you doing here? Why didn't you tell me?' 'Thank you, sir, the doctors have ordered me not to move for at least a fortnight, not to eat any meat, and to lie perfectly still.' I told him this. Do you think it baulked him? Not a bit.

His mind was made up. 'Doctors' orders? Fiddle-de-dee! Doctors know nothing! Get back to auld Cumberland, my lad, and come to me at Whitehall!' That night I dined off beefsteak, and next night I was speeding on my way home at George Moore's expense, in a carriage labelled 'Engaged,' with soft cushions and every comfort that could enable me to rest during my 300 miles' journey. That, sir, was the *living* George Moore, with a will of his own and a heart of gold; and faint will all efforts be to re-copy him. His hospitality at home was unbounded. . . . Every one looked welcome into your face—servants, as well as master and mistress."

There is no phase of George Moore's career which does not show him to have been actuated by the noblest principles.

When Dr. Livingstone's remains were brought over to England in 1874, and it was desired that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, George Moore asked to be allowed the honour of bearing the expense of the funeral, but the Government "felt that to accept this offer would not be in accordance with the wishes of the country." After the funeral, however, Mr. Moore laid down at his own cost the splendid marble tablet which remains the sole memorial of the great traveller in that sacred shrine.

CHAPTER IX.

FAILING HEALTH.

FAILING health forced George Moore to go abroad in 1873. He began to think that his earthly career was drawing to a close ; still he was valiant and hopeful and self-reliant, and never allowed himself to become depressed concerning his own condition. He went to Vichy, and the baths and waters improved him considerably. Mrs. Moore and her sister accompanied him on that occasion.

But he was never again to be as strong and robust as before. He was now soon exhausted by exertion, and could not move about from institution to institution as he had been accustomed to do.

In December 1875, Mr. Moore showed his affection for his old sport of hunting by inviting all the Masters of Hounds to a banquet at the Fishmongers' Hall ; and a right royal gathering they had. Sir Wilfrid Lawson celebrated the event in witty verse, from which the following couple of stanzas relating to George Moore may be quoted :—

“There's the jovial George Moore at the head of the board,
At *one* time no rider was bolder ;
But in taking a steep six-barred gate he was ‘floored,’
And now he's laid up with a shoulder.

But he still loves the chase in his warm-hearted way,
Though on horseback unable to follow ;
And his pulses beat quick on a fine ' hunting ' day
When he hears the bold Major's view halloa ! ”

George Moore was for ever feasting his friends—the poor being regarded as the friends who were nearest and dearest to his heart—and at Christmas time he showed wonderful activity in this direction, giving teas and suppers to all sorts and conditions of people, from stonebreakers to foreign exiles. He sent his servants out into the poor districts distributing coals, bread, meat, and money ; and to his own workpeople he was always most generous at this season. One year he presented every married man employed by the firm with a fine ham, and to every one of his employés he gave a book. In the gratuitous distribution of good works of literature he was always most liberal. When a book struck him as containing an abundance of useful moral lessons, he at once purchased large numbers of it and sent them amongst the people most likely to benefit from or apply its teachings.

He was at all times specially attentive to the needs of missionaries. At Christmas he would send every City Missionary—and there were four hundred and eighty of them—a new sovereign ; and to the twenty-five missionaries employed in conveying comfort and help to the poor of his native county of Cumberland he would send two-and-a-half sovereigns

each. To the Disabled Missionary Fund, Mr. Moore contributed a gift of a thousand pounds.

But the shadow of death was gathering around him. Friends who had been associated with him for many years in charitable work, or in business, died, and every loss of this description deepened the impression that he himself was not to survive for long. The death of his partner, Mr. Copestake, affected him greatly. For forty-four years they had worked in harmony together, and a cross word had never passed between them during the whole of that time. "Indeed, I am stunned," wrote Mr. Moore; "I feel it most deeply. I feel as if I had lost my right arm; and a severe wrench it has been. I never knew a man like him; and yet he always kept in the shade."

Sir Hope Grant, between whom and George Moore there had long existed a strong friendship, died in 1875. George Stockdale, a still more intimate friend, a member of the Stock Exchange, died in the same year. Three days before his death, Mr. Stockdale sent for Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and in taking leave of them said, "I want to thank you for having made my life so happy." Referring to the death of this dear friend, who had taken part in much of the benevolent work which Mr. Moore had so strongly at heart, the following entry was made in Mr. Moore's diary:—"Through all the years of the very closest intimacy I have never heard him say an unkind word of any one, or do anything which one would have had him

do otherwise. His hand and heart were always open and ready. He was a bright example for the rising generation ; for he won a really good position entirely by his own good conduct, and the habits of self-denial and self-restraint, which were early learnt in his Cumberland home, and which he afterwards carefully practised."

These events seemed to foreshadow his own end, and when he opened his diary at the beginning of 1876 it was to acknowledge to himself that he might then be entering on the last year of his life. "If so," he wrote, "what have I to rescue me when stripped of all that I can now call my own? I do believe that Jesus will go with me through the dark valley, and that I shall have abundant entrance into the presence of God."

He had started the previous year "by giving a thousand pounds each to Christ's Hospital for prizes, to the Bible Society, to the Missionary Society, and to the Carlisle Infirmary." The New Year of 1876 was commemorated by the gift of nearly £40,000 amongst employés of the firm, Mr. Copestake (the son of his old partner) joining him in the generous act. Those who had been with the firm for five years received £50, and an additional £50 was added for every previous five years' service. Those in inferior positions got as much as the heads of departments, the reward being simply intended for faithful service. More than one employé received £1,000. George Moore looked upon

this gift as one of the best acts of his life. The amount was provided out of the private money of Mr. Moore and Mr. Copestake, and not out of the funds of the firm.

Not much more active work remained for George Moore to do. In April, 1876, he assisted his friend, Mr. Stafford Howard, in his candidature for East Cumberland, after himself declining to be put in nomination, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Howard returned. Towards the end of the same month Mr. Moore attended the banquet of the Royal Academy, making the occasion memorable by presenting Cope's picture of the Academy Council to the Academy. In the following month, he was acting as chairman of a commission appointed by Government to inquire into the money-order system; and he attended every meeting and made a very efficient chairman.

In the midst of all this he kept zealously to his work of dispensing charity. "Every day I live," he wrote, "I feel more and more my responsibilities. God has given me means, and I want to give them back to Him. I am pledged for £6,000 to assist Evangelical curates, and £12,000 to improve education in Cumberland."

His health gave way again towards the end of May, and he once more had to repair to Vichy. He failed to find the same benefit from the baths and the waters that he had done before, and he became

depressed. He was loth to leave the world in which he had filled so noble a part, for there was much in it that had a strong hold upon his affections ; yet he could not but feel that the time was coming when he would have to yield himself up and leave all behind. He frequently moralised on the subject, and found much consolation in so doing. " I must not forget," he wrote, " that I am threescore years and ten. My time here below must be short : still, I feel an unwillingness to die. I suppose I shall be plucked away against my will at the last. I believe I shall be with Christ, which is far better." Another time he spoke of his unwillingness to die as " spiritual rebellion," and expressed the thought that he ought to be " free from this."

On the 27th of June he was back in London, and never returned to Vichy again. After paying a few visits here and there he went down to Cumberland, and found great pleasure in entertaining a large number of sporting friends when the shooting season came round. At this time also came many other friends, representing various religious denominations. Some of the young men arrived also from the London house, and, altogether, they formed an exceedingly interesting and animated party. Surrounded by such a host of friends, Mr. Moore began to feel better than he had done at Vichy.

As autumn merged in winter, Mr. Moore paid another visit to London, where his presence was

always eagerly looked for in so many quarters in which religion and charity worked hand in hand for the good of the poor. He got back to Whitehall, however, as soon as he could, feeling his Cumberland residence more a home to him now than ever he had done before. A touching incident occurred one evening in November. We must relate it in Dr. Smiles's words:—"Mrs. Moore was playing the 'Schlumerlieder' of Schumann. It was one of George Moore's favourites. He was sitting opposite the piano. Mrs. Moore looked up, and saw an expression of intense melancholy on his face. He was wrapped in thought, and seemed to be looking far away. She stopped playing and spoke to him: 'Come and sit in your own chair. Is anything the matter?' He answered, 'I never felt so melancholy in my life.' He afterwards said, 'An indescribable feeling came over me. I never felt anything like it before. Perhaps it was your playing. You must never play that song again.' Was it the shadow of the parting that had fallen on his heart,—unconsciously to them both?"

A few days later he wanted to go to Carlisle to the Nurses' Home there, and on Mrs. Moore trying to dissuade him from going, he said, "I *must* go; it will be the last time I shall be in Carlisle."

After he had transacted a few ordinary matters of business, he went into his library, and prepared a few brief notes of the speech he intended to deliver at Carlisle. That done, he walked to the carriage that

was waiting for him at the door, calling to his wife, who was descending the stairs, to ask, "What is that passage in St. Matthew?" "Do you mean, 'I was sick and ye visited me'?" she inquired. "No," he replied, "I remember: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

After reaching Carlisle, Mrs. Moore and her sister went shopping, while Mr. Moore and a friend went down the street. They stopped to converse opposite the inn, where, fifty-two years previously, George Moore had slept the night before taking coach to London. While Mr. Moore and his companion were standing together, two runaway horses came dashing up. The first horse passed between the two gentlemen, and before Mr. Moore had time to get out of the way the second was upon him, and knocked him down.

On being taken up he was found to be insensible. They carried him into the inn, and on a doctor being called in, it was found that Mr. Moore had sustained injuries of the most serious nature.

Mrs. Moore has herself told the rest. She says: "When I reached the inn there was great confusion. They took me from room to room, and at first they would not let me see him. There were present three doctors, and many other gentlemen, showing great concern and alarm. Presently one of them said, 'Can you be very quiet, and not excite him?' I don't know what I said. I was not likely to excite

him. I was turned to stone. Then I heard him calling very loudly 'Wife, wife, where's my wife?' When I was admitted to the room, he kept on saying, 'My wife would take me from these men if she would come.' He did not recognise me at first. He knew my voice, and kept saying, 'I hear her voice, why does she not come?' Thank God! a conscious look came into his eyes at last, and then he knew that I was with him. I believe that from the first the doctors knew there was no hope. They did not say so to me. They only said his ribs were broken. Nothing could have been more devoted than the attention of the doctors; but, as we knew him best, I proposed that Sir William Gull should be sent for. I proposed it to himself also. He said, 'Not unless the doctors think it very serious.' Sir William Gull was sent for, and so was Mr. Copestake. Both arrived at four o'clock next morning. By that time he had become colder. His breathing was very laboured; I began to have no hope. The doctors gave him ether constantly, and essence of beef and brandy, but he could scarcely swallow. They said, 'You had better ask him if he has anything to say to you.' I did so, and he said, 'Yes, a great deal, but I must wait till I can breathe.' He had so often talked of death while in health, and of wishing to be told he was dying, and that he hoped I would say texts to him; so I felt that I must tell him. At first I said, 'George, darling; we have often talked about Heaven.

Perhaps Jesus is going to take you home. You are willing to go with Him, are you not? He will take care of you?' He looked wistfully in my face, and said, 'Yes! I fear no evil. . . He will never leave me nor forsake me.' Several times after, he said a word or two, expressive of the same trust. He was soon past much speech. But he knew perfectly that he was dying, and his faith failed not.

"Sir William Gull was very kind. He sat with him and me alone, from nine till nearly twelve o'clock. I think he was quite conscious. He knew his sister, and his old servants when they arrived, though he could not speak much. . . . From the little dark room, looking into the court of the small commercial inn, George Moore's spirit passed away into the hands of God who gave it. He died at twenty minutes to two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st of November, 1876, just twenty-four hours after the accident."

When the bells of Bow Church were tolled that afternoon, and the mournful news spread through the City of London that George Moore was dead, every heart was struck with sorrow.

The funeral took place on the following Saturday, the pallbearers being the Archbishop of York, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Colonel Henderson, Mr. F. S. Reed, Mr. S. Copestake, and Mr. S. P. Foster. The service at the vault side was conducted by the Bishop of Carlisle.

George Moore's life was an example for all time. In spite of his humble birth, and the force of unfavourable circumstances, he made his way to honour and riches, and lived so nobly that he was universally beloved. By his industry and integrity he succeeded in amassing a princely fortune; by his goodness of heart, and the strong feeling of religion that ruled every action of his life, he was able to use his fortune so as to spread a blessed influence across the darkness and misery of human suffering.

(Our Portrait is from a Photograph by Valentine Blanchard, Regent St., London.)



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